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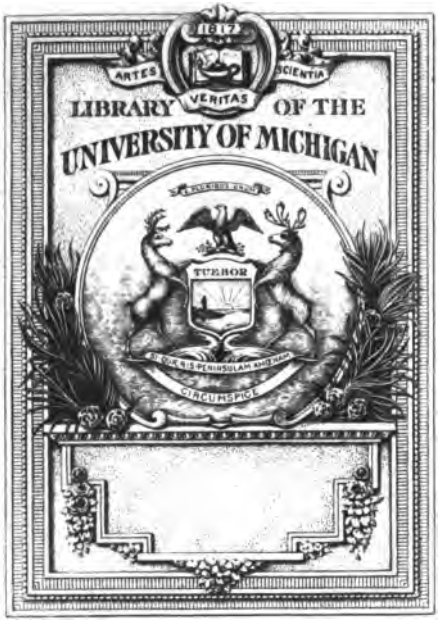

THE GIFT OF
Mrs. Joseph S. Markley

828
P871m

Mrs S S Brown
al

My Gift To Thee

Present Time Verses

By

JAMES HENRY POTTS

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON AND MAINS

Copyright, 1910,
By Jennings and Graham

Gift
Mrs. Joseph S Markley
10-8-44

Dedication

To THOSE who grant new friends a place;
To warmth of soul incline;
Who can a bit of humor trace
In any sober line;
To whom heart-throbs make mute appeal;
Who know a real life-throe;
Whose blood does not at mirth congeal,
Nor pleasure all forego;
Who see the bright and sunny side
Of what they feel and learn,
And to despondent mental tide
Can give a happy turn;
Who care for right, and cherish truth,
And love the things that are;
Whose sympathies retain their youth,
Though life advances far;
To such I dedicate these lines,
Abiding their decree;
The verdict of congenial minds
Is good enough for me.

Detroit, Mich.

10-9-44 R.G.E

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Part I

Present Time Verses

No grudge have I against the PAST;
No accusation bringing;
But in the NOW, while it may last,
Must I do all my singing.

My Gift to Thee

I CAN not give thee gold;
Not mine to give;
The precious dust eludes my searchful view;
Or, if I find, it 'scapes my fingers through;
I can not give thee gold.

Nor can I give thee peace;
For God alone
Can calm the tumult of thy wakened breast,
And soothe the warring elements to rest;
I can not give thee peace.

But I can give thee love,
In measure full;
My very soul in love goes out to thine,
In glad fulfillment of the law divine,
An honest, tender love.

I also give good will;
I wish thee well;
To see thee prosper and rich blessing gain;
Thy noblest wish and plan and hope attain;
I give thee right good will.

And I would give thee more,
If more in need;
Assist thee in thy progress through life's school;
Exemplify to thee the Golden Rule;
And thus would give thee more.

Just for an Hour

O, WRITE me a word that will brighten my thought
Just for an hour;
A word with emotional sunshine fraught,
Ladened with power;
A word of enlightenment, cheeriness, truth,
Fitting my heart;
A word of compassion, or stricture forsooth,
Help to impart!

I want to be comforted, solaced, and soothed,
Just for an hour.
I ask that my pathway be lighted and smoothed—
Fragrant with flower.
Ope to my vision the landscapes of gray,
Clear and serene;

Glimpses of mountains and hills far away,
Golden their sheen.

Let me abandon myself to the best,
Just for an hour;
Blessings that fall at my Maker's behest;
Sunshine or shower.
O to be restful, contented, and still,
Fanned from above;
Living and being and doing Thy will,
Father of love!

The Call to Improvement

If you can not invent, improve;
Make better the clumsy and old;
Get out of the limiting groove;
Make finer the beaten gold.

Add vigor to that which is strong;
Give nerve to the helpless and weak;
Cut short what is uselessly long;
Some word of encouragement speak.

Get into the swim of advance,
  Jump out of the pool of decay;
There 's pleasure for you to enhance;
  There 's trouble for you to allay.

If you can not invent, improve;
  The cloudy and dense make clear;
Go, quicken the sluggish move,
  And quiet the foolish fear.

Wake up to the call of the hour;
  Go forth to the work of to-day;
Take hold of the lever of power;
  Learn quick to strike hard and obey.

There 's structure for you to complete;
  There 's station for you to attain;
There 's struggle for you to meet;
  There 's triumph for you to gain.

If you can not invent, improve;
  Add something to human weal;
Some habit of wrong reprove;
  Some fashion of ill conceal.

If you do not improve, you fail;
You surely will retrograde;
And ever you will bewail
The ruinous error made.

"Only a Millionaire"

A MILLIONAIRE 's not rich to-day;
His fortune is but fair;
Of rich men such as he they say,
"He 's only a millionaire."

To be a rich man with the rich,
And dwell in Golden Park,
Your aim must take a higher pitch,
Up toward the billion mark.

A million in one dividend,
Is nothing very rare;
"Pin money" given wife to spend,
By multi-millionaire.

Hence as in riches, small or vast,
I ne'er can have a share;
You may, while my few hundred last,
Just call me thousandaire.

The Professional Pull

A DOCTOR, like wine, is the better for age;
A preacher, like bread, must be new.
A welcome is given the medical sage;
The clerical gets the adieu.

How strange that the cure of a physical ill,
Requires the ripeness of years;
While sickness of spirit is hopeless until
A youth in the pulpit appears.

Physicians work on to the end of their days,
But clergymen sooner retire;
The salary wanes as the preacher decays;
The fees of the doctor rise higher.

No wonder the ranks of the healers are full;
No wonder young parsons diminish;
'T is money that gives one profession its pull;
While want gives the other its finish.

The Newspaper*

SWIFT-WINGED and dauntless, and ladened with thought,
Incessant and countless, and everywhere bought;
A friend of the friendless, and friendliest friend,
Whose mission is endless till missions shall end.

In gray of the morning, in dusk of the eve,
Rough elements scorning, its wings the air cleave;
To cottage and palace its message it brings;
In freedom from malice to progress it clings.

Unscathed by the lightnings, uncrushed by the storms,
Ignoring the frightenings, it makes up its forms;
When war-clouds are rising it flies with the light,
All danger despising to herald the fight.

Unfettered by compacts, unhampered by creeds,
It watches the impacts and judges by deeds.
By tyranny never from high purpose hurled,
It chronicles ever the news of the world.

*The foregoing lines originally appeared in the Detroit *Free Press*. A few other pieces in this volume were first published in the *Christian Advocates* of New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Detroit. A few others may be found in "Michigan Poets and Poetry." Some of the temperance verses were composed for the author's book, "Black and White," and certain others for "Sunshine All the Year," but the main body of rhythm now before the reader appears in print for the first time.

The Editor

Brain-worn and burdened the editor sits;
Letters of inquiry puzzling his wits;
Missives of rancor stinging his soul;
Stop-paper orders pervading the whole.
Articles able his judgment await;
Frivolous messages enter his pate;
Long-drawn reports, as shallow as long;
Urgent insistence to rectify wrong.

Here comes the printer, coatless and lone,
Calling for "copy" in serious tone;
Here a subscriber to talk for awhile,
Dutiless hours of his to beguile.
Restless his manner, this knight of the quill;
Longing for moments disturbless and still;
Littered his sanctum, forbidding and dim;
Errandless callers are waiting on him.

There goes the editor; day's work is done;
Homeward his hying, setting the sun;
Greetings await him: children and wife
Sweeten the charm of an editor's life.

Soothing and strengthening rest is his pay;
Gone is the weakening waste of the day.
Dreamless his slumber, the dawn finds him new,
Writing and fighting as editors do.

The Office Seeker

He wants the earth, the moon thrown in,
The stars as stepping-stones;
He would take heaven, except that sin
Infests his marrow-bones.

He claims each salaried place by right,
In township, county, State;
He keeps within his longing sight
All stations of the great.

He joins the Church, perhaps, and there
Self-seeking is his aim;
Advancement is his only prayer;
To plot, his endless game.

He has the "big-head," has it bad,
  Yet wears a smallish hat;
The "hurt look" makes his face seem sad,
  Imploring, and all that.

Poor fellow! Watch his shifting schemes!
  See how they merge and blend!
Though freighted with a thousand themes,
  They have a common end.

That end is office for himself;
  No vacancy he brooks;
He wants the honor and the pelf,
  Or else more "hurt" his looks.

He holds some office all his life,
  And office seeks in death;
For votes his last requests are rife;
  "Your vote"—his dying breath.

And were it possible to note
  His maiden spirit speech,
You 'd find him asking for each vote
  And office within reach.

Art Thou the Man?

A MAN who would vote,
For a two-dollar note,
To sustain a political wrong,
Would do any mean thing
Which a penny would bring,
And throw himself into it strong.

A man who 'd retreat,
Because of defeat,
At the polls in the work of reform,
Would fly from the foe
And his country forego
In the battle's terrible storm.

A man who would faint,
Or utter complaint,
Because right triumphs not in a day,
Would leave a good cause,
Repeal righteous laws,
And allow sin and evil full sway.

A man who would shirk
From duty and work,
Because of the finger of scorn,

Like Peter of old,
Would fly from the fold
And leave his own Master forlorn.

A man who would choose,
And never refuse,
Of two needless evils the less,*
Would probably quite
Surrender the right,
If Satan should urgently press.

Gold Mine Stock

A THOUSAND shares in mine of gold,
Secured at less than par, I hold;
A thousand shares at less than par,
Secure within my coffers are.

In golden Goldville's mine of gold
Is placed the cash for stock I hold;
'T is paper stock, I frankly own,
But golden ink is o'er it thrown.

*Of two evils choose neither.

A mine of gold, and golden stock,—
I bought it cheap, a solid block;
A block of stock I mean, not gold,
A thousand solid shares I hold.

"Not worth a cent!" "What 's that you say?
Who dares with my fond hope to play?"
"A thousand shares not worth a cent,
Is what I said, and what I meant.

"These gold mine stocks, to tell it straight,
Are rarely worth their paper's weight;
The stock for buyer's folly stands;
The gold is in promoter's hands."

Playing the Market

Jim Sucker thinking he could land
A fortune in a minute,
He took the market top in hand
And soon began to spin it.

He bought a block of copper stock,
The tip of broker taking;
For quick advance he watched his chance,
Big profit to be raking.

By gamblers' game the profit came,
But Sucker did not win it;
The market flop upset his top,
His fortune being in it.
And so with frown he sat him down
To think his folly over,
And wisely said, by shake of head,
"I 'll be no more a rover."

And all the same the market game,
As sure as you begin it,
Will neatly sup your fortune up
In just about a minute.
By laying low the gamblers know
Just how to trap a "sucker;"
Then hoarsely laugh while drinks they quaff,
To see his wrinkles pucker.

GOLDEN FRUIT

The King of Fruits

An orange for me, an orange for you,
Oranges all the season through;
The boughs are bent with golden fruit,
And blossoms scent the air to boot:
  Oranges, oranges! pick the best;
  Enough remain for all the rest.

Now seek the shade and eat your fill;
Go in, go in, with jolly will;
Remove the rind, or leave it whole,
No matter so you reach the goal.
  Cut in! squeeze out! the juice is there—
  An element beyond compare.

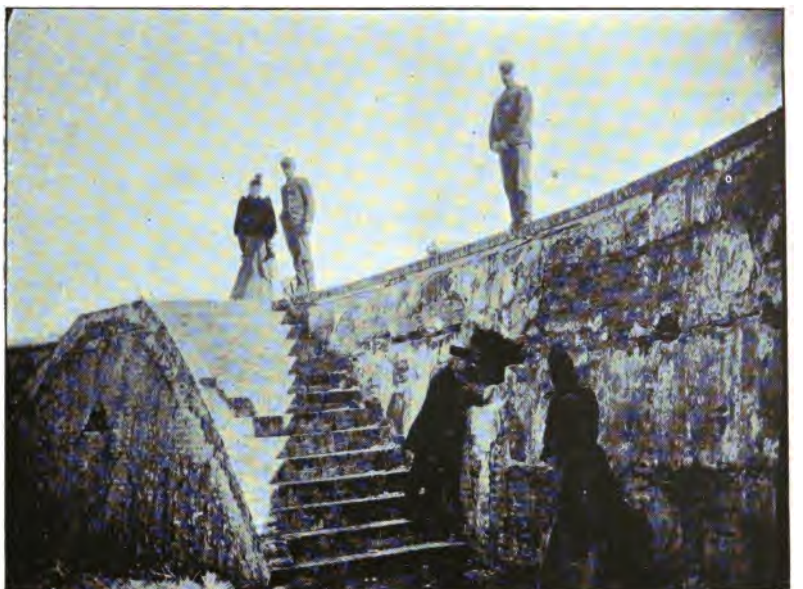
Oranges, oranges, everywhere!
Swift grown, quick sold, and shipped with care,
The king of fruits, and fruit of kings,
It flies the world on market wings.
  Oranges, oranges! Give me four,—
  You may retire, and close the door.

The Sealed Dungeon*

MYSTERIOUS freak of tyrant mind!
Satanic work of human kind!
A battlement of brick and stone,
Enclosing helpless woman, lone;
A dark, uncanny, living tomb;
A wierd, unprecedented doom;
A crime prodigious, mystic, dire;
A fate unmatched by sword or fire.
No annals of the earth contain
A hint of like appealing pain.
What fright! what grief! what horror there
Within that dungeon of despair!
My shuddering soul shrinks back in awe,
And calls for penalty of law
On e'en the relics left by time,
As proofs of that infernal crime.

*NOTE.—In the wall of the old Spanish fort at Pensacola, Florida, was discovered a dungeon containing the skeleton of a woman. The door to the dungeon had been bricked up, and then carefully plastered over to correspond with the surrounding wall, apparently for the purpose of concealing a crime. The engraving, made from a photograph, shows the opening in the wall made by the discoverers of the dungeon a few years ago. The dungeon is a dismal looking place.

It is a remarkable fact that in nearly every one of the Old Spanish forts on this continent a dungeon has been found, and the history of these dark recesses, could it be written, would no doubt go far toward revealing the principal cause of Spain's decline. Dungeons and decadence go together.



THE SEALED DUNGEON

Bring back their ghosts, and lay them low
By one annihilating blow!
No fire of hell has yet been built
For purging such inhuman guilt.

Hark! the echo of a groan,
The waning trace of fainter moan!
It dies upon the distant air,
The semblance of a woman's prayer.
From out that dungeon sealed it came;
It asks for help in pity's name;
For water, food; for light, for breath;
Relief from such a lingering death:
It rises now—a startling cry—
As from a spirit passing by;
A call for justice, loud and clear,
As if from an immortal sphere:
'T is an avenging angel's lay;
A Nemesis of judgment day.

Will Justice sleep? Aye, sleep for long,
But not for aye. Her arm is strong.
Each barbarous deed but serves to speak
The surer vengeance she will wreak

On men or nations steeped in crime
And hardened by the lapse of time.
Justice may sleep, but not for aye;
She wakens on reprisal day.

List! the deep-toned thunder's roar
Intoning from a farther shore!
It rises to a louder crash
Amid the gleaming lightning's flash;
An angry shot, a bursting shell,
A loosening of the powers of hell:
The air is rent; the sea is stirred;
The day of wrath, so long deferred,
Begins its dawn, lets loose its play
In battle on Manila Bay.
The ships go down! The lives go out!
Beginning of a Demon's route.
The earth itself in tremor shakes;
Its inner fire again outbreaks,
On Cuba's shot-rent, blood-stained sand,
As near to Pensacola's strand
As could the tyrant's ghost remain:
He dies! and broken is his chain.

And now, for aye, the dungeon sealed
Hath opened on a wrath revealed.

Our Thinning Ranks

(Dedicated to Union Survivors of the great Civil War)

HARK! A Morris Island gun*
Booms out beneath the Southern sun:
An overt act; a proud defy
To kinsmen 'neath the Northern sky;
A proclamation winged by fire
That slavery shall not expire;
A hint that, though Rebellion frown,
The North shall sit supinely down;
An ultimatum hurled with hate,
Imperiling the Nation's fate;
A vow that, though the blood may flow,
The South shall be allowed to go.

"What meaneth this?" the North inquires,
Ere the report of gun expires.

*The first shot on Fort Sumter was fired by an old Virginian named Edward Ruffin, with long white hair hanging down over his shoulders. He was very proud of the act, and often boasted of it. He survived the war, but lost all his property and became so insanely embittered that, at the close of hostilities, June 17, 1865, at the home of his son, near Danville, Va., he committed suicide by blowing off the top of his head with a gun. He left a note in his pocket saying, "I can not survive the liberty of my country." The wretched man was then almost eighty years of age.

"Davis answers rough and curt,
With mortar, Paixhan, and petard,
'Sumter is ours, and nobody hurt;
We tender Abe our Beau-regard.' "*
. . . . . .
"Old Abe" receives the stinging note
And sends a call for troops afloat:
"Come forth, militia, far and near,
In prime and ready fighting gear;
For South Carolina, Georgia too,
And sister States, have proved untrue
To this Republic's gracious laws,
And have proclaimed Secession's cause!"

They come, as loyal hearts and true
As ever donned the Union blue;
They come from desk and forge and farm,
Responding to the stern alarm;
They come with energy and zeal,
To elevate their country's weal.

Big Bethel halts their hurrying feet;
Their boyish eyes the carnage greet;

*This sarcastic answer in verse was actually sent by a Mr. Hooper, Secretary of the Montgomery Secession Convention, in reply to a question sent by the agent of the Associated Press at Washington, "What is the feeling there?"

Brained by a cruel Minie ball,
John Greble is the first to fall;
Then Winthrop goes, and fourteen more,
All dead, with wounded thirty-four.

The trembling wires flash the news,
And startled Northmen voice their views:
"Let treason perish!" is the cry;
"Let freedom live, though millions die!"

More soldiers rally to the front,
All nerved for warfare's dreadful brunt.
Nor wait they long; their foes are there
For their tenets to do and dare;
The doctrine of "State rights" their creed,
Provincial heresy gone to seed.*

*During the entire nineteenth century, notably after the year 1830, the South had been imbibing and inculcating the doctrine of State Supremacy and Sovereignty, even to the extent of asserting the right of the State to construe the National Constitution for itself, and to declare at will the Tariff Acts of Congress to be null and void. The exponents of this doctrine took every occasion to give standing and force to their views, frequently opposing, or even defying, the laws made by the Federal Government. Finally the right of a State to secede from the Union on any pretext or for any purpose was boldly proclaimed, the Secessionists holding that each State was "free and independent," and could do as it pleased. But the North held differently. It denied the right of any State to secede at will, or to nullify an Act of the National Government. It strenuously asserted that the Constitution of the United States had been adopted and ratified in every State by a convention of its people, and that if the right to repeal and rescind these acts of adoption and ratification existed at all, it must be exercised by the people of a State in convention assembled,

But mark you well; the heretic,
When once confirmed, is strong and quick
His cherished doctrines to defend;
He holds them to the bitter end.
No deadlier foes than heretics
Long steeped in vicious politics;
They fight sincere; they fear not death,
Nor yield until they yield their breath.

And such are they whose weapons flash,
In eager heat with ours to clash;
They meet us on Rich Mountain height,
But yield not, though they lose the fight;
They wait Bull Run. Alack the hour
That calls in play their fighting power!
Three thousand boys in Union blue
Are strewn upon the red plateau;
McDowell breaks, McClellan flies,
And Freedom's beauteous goddess sighs.

But naught can conquer Uncle Sam
While Honest Abe says, "His I am!"

and not by State officials or by political leaders. The North also insisted that the real motive of the Secessionists was the perpetuation and extension of slavery, and hence denominated the war as the "Slaveholders' Rebellion." In the very nature of the case these divergent views could be settled only by an appeal to arms, and this was done.

He gives to Rosecrans a star,
McClellan stock sends up to par,
As shrill he calls the country o'er,
"Come forth, three hundred thousand more!"

They come, the strong, the brave, the great,
From Plymouth Rock to Golden Gate:
Farragut, Sickles, Banks, Dupont,
Halleck, Howard, Dodge, Fremont;
The captains of a gallant host,
Each plumed and ready at his post.

At Wilson's Creek a Lyon bold
With Sigel seeks the field to hold.
Brave Lyon falls; his troopers yield,
And the insurgents hold the field.
The hour is dark, but volunteers
Rush forth amid the Nation's cheers.
A battle here, a skirmish there,
A blasted hope, a wailing prayer,
Sore griefs, deep sighs, and floods of tears
Proclaim rebellion's sorrowing years.

A race from servitude is freed;
Task-masters curse the luckless mede;

They curse and vow a vengeance sore
On abolition heads galore,
While good old Abraham opes the door
And calls six hundred thousand more.
He calls, and freemen swarm the land,
While taking freedmen by the hand;
Black regiments go forth to fight,
And angry chivalry gropes in night.

The months roll on; more troops march in,
And swift ensues the battles' din.
Fort Henry falls; then Donelson,
And Grant looms on the horizon.
Sherman is with him; battles rage,
And Union chiefs flock on the stage:
Thomas, McCook, and Crittenden,
McPherson, Negley, Sheridan,
Schofield, Sedgwick, Prentiss, Blair,
Granger, Dahlgren, Canby rare,
Kilpatrick, Sumner, there they go;
Wallace, Logan, "Fighting Joe,"
Custer, counting fighting fun,
Who never lost a flag or gun.

Oho! What 's this in Hampton Roads,
Which dire destruction now forebodes?
A giant craft with iron sides
In proud disdain the harbor rides.
Give way! Let gunboats clear the track!
This monster is the *Merrimac.*

But wait! A Yankee stirs his brain
And takes on an inventive train.
He turns a cheese-box upside down,
A tiny floating raft to crown,
Plants hell in germ beneath the wave,
And ventures forth his land to save.

A shot, a crash, an ugly tear,
A skip, a dodge, now here, now there;
The little cheese-box whirls around,
Escapes the broadsides safe and sound,
Deals deadly blows straight in the neck,
And leaves the *Merrimac* a wreck.
For Worden praise, and also for
Both Ericsson and his *Monitor.*

Now turn your eyes Arkansas way,
See Curtis win the Pea Ridge fray;

Then on to Island Number Ten,
With Foote the commodore, and men;
Thence southward with the mortar-boats
Until the starry ensign floats
O'er old Fort Pillow's blazing walls,
And helpless Memphis also falls.
Now Butler captures New Orleans,
And furious vixens vent their spleens.
The "Father of Waters" soon is cleared,
And conquering "Yanks" at last are feared.

Now Murfreesboro stirs the land,
While Vicksburg yields to Grant's demand;
The second Bull Run, under Pope,
Adds little to the Union hope;
From Williamsburg to Malvern Hill
The desperate fights small purpose fill;
Contending legions rise and fall;
Stupendous killing crowneth all.
Men call such action "civil war;"
Death must himself the name abhor.

Now come Antietam, Fredericksburg,
Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg;

On War's eternal roll of fame
These names are writ in living flame.
Here giant struggles reach their height;
Armed men can know no fiercer fight;
The hellish charges, charge-proof mounds;
The bloody angles, corpse-heaped grounds;
The deathless ardor, uncurbed will;
The shattered armies, fighting still;
Each nervy onset sharply fans
The prowess of Americans;
Here Stoneman, Cutler, Slocum, Meade,
Their laurels win by noble deed;
Here Reynolds brave and Whipple die,
While Hancock, Rodman wounded lie;
Virginia's army, riddled through,
Hastens homeward, sick and blue;
"Stonewall" Jackson breathes his last;
Rebellion's brightest day has passed.

On goes the fight, both East and West,
By river side, on mountain crest;
Ten thousands fall, to rise no more,
Yet other thousands swift outpour,

And firm and strong the battle lines
Are held amid the Southern pines;
The men who die, but will not yield,
Are still in evidence on the field.

Now Resaca in Georgia falls,
While Jackson's fate the world appalls;
Winchester by the sword is riven,
With Early in confusion driven;
Corinth records a sorry day
For the retreating men in gray;
Chickamauga drenched with blood;
Shiloh soaked with gory flood;
Missionary's Ridge in flame;
All speak the deadly iron game;
Lookout Mountain, wrapped in cloud,
Foretokens a Confederate shroud;
Atlanta won, leaves Sherman free
For his astounding march to sea.

"The silent man" now counts the cost;
He never yet a battle lost;
To end the war is his incline;
To fight it out along that line;

To fight it out, without delay,
Unto the latest summer day.
And fight he does; his iron grip
Comporteth with his silent lip;
He fights the Wilderness campaign,
Endures the Spottsylvania strain;
Ignores Cold Harbor's second rout,
Approves the Five Forks brilliant bout;
Dispatches Wilson on his raid,
Mobile's seizure thus to aid;
Tips Sheridan's effective moves;
Advances through the shot-hewn grooves;
Cuts Richmond's sources of supply;
Blows Petersburg into the sky;
Tears Lee's defending lines apart;
Strikes terror to Secession's heart;
Sends Davis flying to the woods,
With rattled Cabinet and goods,
Where, caught in woman's guise, ill-starred,
Our Pritchard pays him "beau-regard."*

*At the time of his arrest near Irwinsville, Ga., Jefferson Davis had on a woman's shawl and a waterproof cloak, and these articles, together with the spurs by which he was detected, are now in the archives of the National Government at Washington, D. C. Corporal George Munger, Co. C., Fourth Michigan Cavalry, Colonel B. F. Pritchard commanding, was immediately present and assisted in his capture.

Now silence reigns; the guns are still,
And Grant meets Lee on yonder hill;
The Nation, glad at war's surcease,
Approves the generous terms of peace.
Brave men who fought on either side,
Deep wading through the crimson tide,
Heave one deep sigh, and all is o'er,
The Blue and Gray contend no more.

No more the Blue and Gray contend,
Yet, who their hurts can e'er amend?
Three hundred thousand loyal sons
Have lost their lives. Disloyal ones
As many more. And with the slain,
Four hundred thousand breathe in pain.
A million able-bodied men,
On gory field, in prison pen,
In hospital, or crippled state,
All meet at length a soldier's fate;
And this because, 'neath Southern sun,
That Charleston Harbor venomed gun
Hissed forth its challenge, hot and clear,
To men who held the Union dear.

But pause! A shot of pistol dread!
Great Abraham Lincoln bows his head!
The rarest wine of life is spilled!
The Nation's cup of grief is filled!
The kindest, safest, best of men
Has passed the bounds of mortal ken.
A fiendish plot! A madman's deed,
To make the hearts of freemen bleed.
"Virginia is avenged!" he cries,
As swift the vile assassin flies.
But Corbett's gun ends Booth's career,
While round the martyred Lincoln's bier
The loyal millions, stunned with grief,
Lament in tears their well-loved chief.
Well may the South her sorrow lend;
She, too, has lost her truest friend.*

And we were there; and, we are here,
Survivors of survivors dear;

*Within the few days that intervened between the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox and the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, one in his close confidence prophesied that his plans of reconstruction would "win over the South's good will and affection, and astonish the world." And in giving his plans effect, there could be no question that General Grant would have aided him, because he had already set an example of magnanimity by the liberal terms of surrender given to Lee's army, and during the few last hours of his life he expressed the wish that there might be enduring peace betwixt the South and North.

A million strong we left the strife,
Returned again to civil life;
We 've struggled on through hopes and fears
For lo! these four and forty years;
And now a lingering scattered few,
We soon must bid the world adieu.

We 're falling fast. The reaper grim
Knows how the keenest eye to dim;
Knows how to muffle every ear,
The fullest pulse to slowly sear;
And, though the health have ne'er a fault,
Knows how the strongest step to halt.

Yet still our pulses thrill with life
In memory of that fearful strife;
Our eyes are dim, but quick to see
Our glorious banner floating free;
Our ears are dull, yet on them fall
The echoes of the bugle call;
Our sentiments remain the same:
We still detest Secession's name;
Our principles are bright and strong:
We love the right and hate the wrong;

Were Sumter fired on again,
Our blood would stir the same as when
We grasped the rifle and the blade,
To make grim war our ruthless trade;
We love the Union, cherish truth,
The same as in our dashing youth.

Our foes are friends. Most of them sleep
In warless slumber long and deep;
And when the trump shall bid them rise,
There 'll dawn on their enlightened eyes
This truth: Whatever be the cost,
A WICKED CAUSE IS BETTER LOST!

The Grand Canyon

ARIZONA! Arid zone!
Nature's niche with grandeur sown!
Evolution's wildest freak!
Earthly wonder most unique!

See that yawning Canyon Grand!
See its sunken mountains stand!

See its mighty river roll!
Feel its depth within your soul!

O'er the gulf your vision cast;
Gauge the distance, blue and vast;
Search the depths, so calm and clear;
Quell your doubtings, curb your fear.

Note the towering pictured walls,
On which dazzling sunlight falls;
Red and purple, azure gray;
Tinted rock and painted clay.

Study those fantastic forms
Chiseled out by Titan storms;
Ancient capitols and domes,
Phantom ships, and mystic homes.

Stand in awe at chasm brink!
Wierd-like inspiration drink!
Think of God and boundless space!
Bow the knee and veil the face!

"Here's the end!" my spirit cries;
Other scenes may greet my eyes;
But till heaven its sights unfold,
Canyon Grand first place shall hold.

The Common Chord

On the placid Rappahannock, in the strifes of 'sixty-three,
When the fight-scarred Federal forces coped with those of General Lee;
Just at eve the armies halted, one on either side the stream,
Halted ere to-morrow's battle, for the soldiers' sleep and dream.

Dreams there are which know no slumber, dreams of home and kindred dear;
Reveries and fond reflections, images of loved ones near;
Friend and foe alike are dreaming, dreaming in the waking state,
Whether in the pending battle life or death shall be their fate.

As the shades of twilight deepen, in the Rappahannock vales,
Martial music breaks the stillness of the thickly-tented dales;
Union bands play "Yankee Doodle," the Confederate "Dixie" sound;
Each responding to the other o'er the close-contested ground.

Now 't is "Maryland, My Maryland," on the homesick
Southern side;
"Hail, Columbia," play the Northmen; each the other's
songs deride;
"Pretty Maid of Sunny Southland" chant the bands
from Southern posts;
"Just Before the Battle, Mother," answer back the
Northern hosts.

Listen, now! for low and softly from a band far up
the crest
Comes a strain that stirs emotion in the stoutest soldier
breast;
'T is the melody familiar, "Home, Sweet Home," afloat
the air;
Common chord for "Yank" and "Johnnie," resting on
their armor there.

Resting, singing low and softly, led by bands in blue
and gray,
Tenderly the stern combatants sink to sleep or kneel to
pray;
And the music, toned by manhood, swells to heaven's
warless dome,
As it leaves the lips of soldiers longing for the joys
of home.

The Land We Love

Thou favored, prospered, honored land,
With riches strewn by lavish hand;
The refuge of the world's oppressed,
Home-seekers' shrine and pilgrims' rest!

Thou youthful Nation, strong and great,
With sound ideas of Church and State!
Thy plans and principles control
Man's uplift toward a higher goal.

Thou realm of liberty and light!
To rectify the tyrant's blight,
God called thee, from His radiant throne,
To make His highest concepts known;

To shine in justice, mercy too;
To keep right thought and life in view;
The cause of truth and worth to serve,
And give to progress quickened nerve.

Stand forth, acclaimed United States!
With open, guarded, golden gates;
Thy starry flag is still the sign
Of freedom's far-extending line.

A Creature of Contradictions

A MAN may be modest, and yet may be mean;
May even be mirthful, and yet vent his spleen;
He may stir the Four Hundred with Chesterfield air,
And yet in his dealings be grossly unfair:
How strange is man!

A man may be tidy, and yet be unclean;
His filth may be mammoth, and still be unseen;
While nicely concealing his foulness of soul,
A thousand indecencies through him may roll:
How low is man!

A man may be homely, and handsome besides;
For beauty of heart over ugliness rides:
May have an exterior rough as the sea,
Yet stay in a temper as calm as can be:
How fine is man!

A man may accumulate little of wealth;
May suffer through life for the want of good health;
Yet riches of spirit in him may be found,
And he may to life's end be most morally sound:
How grand is man!

The Supreme Word

WHAT is the largest word in mortal speech?
What is the noblest thought in human reach?
Is it "position," "fortune," "fame," or "power?"
Is it "the pleasure of the passing hour?"
Is it "long life," "sweet death," or "home," or "heaven?"
Is it "the prestige to a monarch given?"
I turn from these, though good, and high, and great,
And find in SERVICE man's supreme estate.

Simply to *serve*, to help, befriend, and aid;
This is the path to royal honors laid;
This is earth's bliss—a bliss without alloy;
This is the title clear to heaven's joy;
This is the Christ-work, strong and pure and best—
"Ye did it," or "Ye did it not," the test.
Naught else for man hath such uplifting might;
Naught else consoles in death's on-coming night.

Serve on! serve well! serve much! and serve just now!
Your heart, your head, your knee, in SERVICE bow!
Serve God! serve men! Do what to hand appears;
This is the wine which throne-bound spirit cheers;

This is the substance of Life's savings fund;
This is the gold immortals take beyond.
For faith and love and hope in earthly call,
SERVICE stands forth the crown and proof of all.

This Bad, Bad World

"THE world is growing worse," they say,
"And men more wicked every day."
But somehow I can scarce believe
That we should take alarm, or grieve.

If men are worse than men of yore;
Of war and slavery why not more?
If there is more malevolence,
Why is n't ignorance more dense?

Who builds the hospitals and schools,
If there is growth of knaves and fools?
And why do Churches multiply,
If only rogues increase, say I?

Of old 't was said in sacred lays,
The wicked live not half their days.
Yet human life is lengthening out,
And fell disease is put to rout.

What makes this wickedness increase?
Has God enlarged the devil's lease?
Has God grown bad, or short of arm?
Has virtue lost its regnant charm?

How bad will all the world become?
How soon will goodness be undone?
When will hope die, and heaven close?
And hell engulf the last of woes?

I hear a sound; it travels far,
The rattle of the trolley car.
I hear a song; it rises high
And echoes in the distant sky.

I hear a call: "Send us your aid!
Our city is in ashes laid."
And progress wins. The gospel goes.
While charity the world o'erflows.

Evolution

Some hold this world divinely made;
Some think it all evolved;
Proofs for each view wise men have weighed,
Yet not the problem solved.

But one thing *sure* occurs to me—
This fine old world is here;
It came somehow, we can agree,
No proof could be more clear.

A man 's a man, and not an ape,
E'en though from ape he sprang;
Some process gave him human shape—
Unlike the monkey gang.

If there 's no Will, and no Design,
But only trend, or chance,
Then let 's be glad for Trend benign,
Our manhood to advance.

If evolution raised us up
From molecule or worm,
Then evolution takes the cup—
It found the *raising* germ.

They talk about "descent," but I
Prefer the word "ascend;"
Let "fit" survive, and fitter try
Ascending to the end.

O'er Law and Force and sovereign Power
Wiseacres will dispute;
They like the game, and never cower,
Though felled by proofs astute.

O'er "origin" they hold a spree—
Spontaneous life bespeak;
The life that *is* is good for me;
Why new beginnings seek?

Surviving life is "fit," they say;
Then let my life survive;
No life I 'll seek from lifeless clay,
But just evolve and thrive.

The Day For Sorrow

No DAY without gladness,
No day without sorrow;
Yesterday had its sadness,
Let 's sorrow to-morrow.

The Glorious Sunshine

The sunshine kisses every cheek
And paints each lovely flower;
It gleams in strength when winds are bleak,
And brighter after shower.

It knows no rank of creed or birth,
Of saintliness or badness;
But pours its splendor on the earth,
With constancy and gladness.

It 's just as full for us to-day,
As for the ancient fathers;
About such things as times and dates
It never even bothers.

O glorious sunshine, free and fair!
In thy bright beams, unfailing,
We bask until we cleave the air,
Eternal oceans sailing.

Bay View

Among the charming grove retreats,
Where classic Culture lends her care;
Where Praise her litany repeats,
And Reverence lifts her voice in prayer,—
I know of one serene and bright,
A peerless gem on Nature's breast,
Where cooling breezes fan the night,
And gentle voices lull to rest.
A terraced frontage, tier on tier,
The distant hills and dales look o'er,
While varying landscapes cluster near
And sparkling waters lave the shore;
Where fiery steeds on tracks of steel
The throttle bar and brake obey,
And merry laughter, peal on peal,
Awakes the echoes round the bay.
In shady nook, on sunlit hill,
The summer mansions greet the eye,
While orators and songsters thrill
The hearts of those who gather nigh.
New thought for each, sweet strains for all,
Abiding pleasure, constant zest;
A cheery life in home and hall,
And everything with gladness blest.

Poetic Locomotion

THERE is poetry in riding; the speeding auto car
Moves like the flow of rhythm, without a fault or jar;
But poetry in walking has never been affirmed;
This everlasting plodding a prosy thing is termed.

There is poetry in sailing, in sailing far away,
On ever-rolling billows, in blue and green and gray;
But walking is not sailing, as every man has found
Whose feet are ever moving, yet never leave the ground.

There is poetry in flying; who would n't take a waft
With skillful aviator aboard a modern craft?
But poetry in walking is not so quick discerned;
Pedestrians are stalking as first the art they learned.

Yet though these flying movements have their poetic
charms,
I envy not their rhythm, nor covet their alarms;
Just let me walk as need be, from fear and danger free,
And I 'll be very happy till wings are given me.

The Trolley

HIGH-METTLED steed of the wire-girt ring;
Tireless flyer of featherless wing;
Pushing or pulling thy burden along,
Rapidly, orderly, evenly, strong;
Gracing the city with incoming guest,
Cheering the suburb with outgoing zest;
Haunting the highways at other times lone,
Giving to rural life urbanly tone.

Merciful helper of poverty vast,
Merciless crusher of money-made caste;
Knowing no titles, ignoring all claims,
Carrying multitudes reckless of aims;
Master of traffic and servant of toil,
Yoking the merchants with tillers of soil;
Keeping us moving, affording us rest,
Hitched to the chariot of progress the best.

Up in the early morn, shaming the sun;
Filling with pleasure the night-hour run;
Flashing the torches along the steel track,
Bending to seasons with marvelous knack;

Breasting the storm-king's iciest zone,
Neighing to summer, with heat and cyclone;
Always and everywhere keenly alert,
Groomed by the skill of electric expert.
Here 's to the trolley-steed, friend of us all,
Feeding on atmosphere, clouds for his stall;
Asking no favors of animate life,
Pledging his service through time-lasting strife,
Measuring strength with the monarch of steam,
Ready and quick as the flash of sunbeam;
Nearing ideals each laboring day,
Holding his value forever and aye.

The Auto

A DISTANT stir, a rush of air,
A moment's whir, a glance, a stare,
A polished sheen, a brilliant gleam,
A greeting keen, a dash supreme,
A sight, a scent, a fading view,
A vision spent,—alone are you.

Part II

Juvenile Jingles

THE poetry of morning hours
The happy world is filling,
For then the sheen is on the flowers
And birds their glad notes trilling.

FRIENDS OF THE JUVENILES

The Polliwog

A CUNNING little polliwog lived in a swale;
His only way to travel was to wiggle his tail;
He had n't any hands, and he had n't any feet,
But when he went a-swimming he could n't well be beat.
One day he ate his dinner and swam around the swale,
And found his legs were growing longer than his tail;
It made him feel so happy he jumped upon a log,
And always ever after was a big bullfrog.

The Quarry

THIS life is a quarry, and ours the skill
To cut from that quarry whatever we will;
To mold and to chisel a character high,
And fit it at last for a niche in the sky.

The Partners

A KITTEN and a doggie sailed
  In loving, peaceful partner-ship;
They never at each other railed,
  Nor let a cross expression slip.

They would not scratch, nor growl, nor bite,
  Nor pull each other's fur nor hair;
They never had a single fight,
  Nor pain of ugly wound to bear.

Their vessel was a basket old,
  And each was captain, fore and aft;
Each was a mate and pilot bold,
  And neither ever cursed or laughed.

They simply used their common sense,
  And always wore a pleasant look;
And now they have their recompense—
  Upheld as models in a book.

A PLEASANT LOOK

UNIV. OF MICH.

"If I Had Money"

"If I had money" I would build
A business structure vast,
With shelf and counter treasure-filled,
And salesmen selling fast.

"If I had money" I'd erect
A dwelling fine and strong,
With lawns and gardens flower-decked,
And music all day long.

"If I had money" I would give
To every worthy cause;
The sick, the poor, the lone should live
At ease without a pause.

And since I have some cash in fact,
With more I hope to earn,
I will begin the giving act,
Lest I may never learn.

Christmas, Then and Now*

In early Christian centuries
Our blessed Lord's nativity
Was by our fathers first observed.
And how the modern world has swerved
From Christmas customs then in vogue,
For now the harsh, blood-thirsty rogue,
In desperate work and fiercer play,
No longer rules this natal day.

While Diocletian ruled the East,
Good Christians met in solemn feast,
Within their church this day to keep—
To praise and pray, to sing and weep.

The fiercest persecutions raged.
The foes of Christ were all engaged
To crush His Church and curse His name,
And all His followers put to shame.

*The observance of Christmas can not be traced back farther than the second or third century. History shows that during the persecutions under the Roman emperors, the followers of Christ were in the habit of celebrating the nativity of their Lord. Thus Cave cites from Baronius the following sad story of one of the earliest of these observances: "While the persecution raged under Diocletian, who then kept his court at Nicomedia, the tyrant, finding multitudes of Christians, young and old, met together to celebrate Christ's nativity, commanded the church door to be shut, and fire put to it, which reduced them and the church to ashes."

So to this church these demons went,
As if from hell they had been sent.
They gathered round, a surging crowd,
With threatenings fierce and curses loud.

They fastened all the windows down,
Secured the doors, and then to drown
The trembling cries and prayers within,
They raised a wild, appalling din;
While on the windward side they piled
The fagots high, with tar defiled.

The ready heap they set on fire,
And louder yelled as slowly higher
Around the house of God the smoke,
With glaring flames, like heavy cloak
With crimson lined, rose thickly up.
"*We 'll make you drink the bitter cup*
Of death by fire!" they madly screamed
To those within, who strangely seemed
To be above their cruel power,
Though doomed to death that fearful hour.

For while these rough, incarnate fiends
Sought vent to hatred in such means

Of cruel torture, there arose
From hearts resigned to human woes,
Within that flame-enwrapped retreat,
High upwards to the mercy seat,
A thousand sweet, forgiving prayers
In their behalf, that from the snares
Of Satan these their murderers might
Be rescued, and from heathen night.

And thus 'mid cursing jeers without,
And prayer within, and happy shout,
This temple raised to God on high
Was burned in the third century;
And hundreds of God's happy saints,
Without retractions or complaints,
Within its walls resigned their breath—
Rejoicing in a martyr's death—
And while their bodies melted down,
Their spirits rose to wear the crown;
And all because on Christmas day
They met within their church to pray.

Lo, what a change! From out the world
All persecution has been hurled,

And fearless Christians now convene
To celebrate in chosen scene
This happy day. In temples grand,
And homes and halls in every land,
In peace and praise and merry glee,
They gather round the Christmas tree,
Whose branches bend with heavy weight
Of tokens small and tokens great,
While round about a multitude
Of young and old expectant brood.

The light that flashes on it high
Reflects in many a beaming eye;
The sweets which hang upon its boughs
Will soon fill up the watering mouths.
The toys, from ape to rocking-horse,
The boys will certainly endorse.
The rings and pins and bracelets fair
The charming maidens soon will wear;
While in their gloves and wrappers warm,
Young men will laugh through many a storm.
For quilt or coat or fur or dress
The old their thanks will oft express;
For furniture and silverware
Good wives will banish many a care;

For solid, odd, or useful gift
The men will feel an added thrift.
O ho! what splendid sight is this,
For prancing boy and pretty miss;
To see the candy hanging high,
The girl lifts up the baby nigh.
At sight of boat with flags and sails,
One boy 's on tip-toe—language fails.
The next boy holds his hands behind—
Few gifts his own he thinks to find.
With watch or locket in her hand,
One thoughtful miss is seen to stand;
As something never seen before,
Two tiny cherubs talk it o'er.
That girl who sees the costly doll,
To have it hers would give her all.
A brother dear is at her side—
A jumping-jack he has espied.
And so, a hundred children round,
With eager expectation crowned,
Await Old Santa's word and will,
Whose coming soon their hearts will thrill;
Then what a happy band there 'll be
Around the ladened Christmas tree.

THE LADENED CHRISTMAS TREE

Nature's Own Beverage

Cold water for me,
Abundant and free,
Assuaging my thirst where'er I may be;
In woodland or vale,
By roadside or trail,
Cold water a friend that shall nevermore fail.

Cold water for you,
None better to view,
A solace approved by the wise and the true;
No ill from its use,
No call for abuse,
For turning to other there is no excuse.

Cold water I bring,
Clear and pure from the spring,
As healthful as air, good enough for a king;
From a sparkling tide,
By the cool hillside,
This cup of refreshing I bring you with pride.

Only.

Only a bit of yellow stain;
Only a little cigarette;
Only a youth's disordered brain;
Only a life-wreck to regret.

Only a little "coffin-nail;"
Only a habit 'neath contempt;
Only a face encoffined, pale;
Only a home from joy exempt.

Content With Little

When nature hath but little need,
A little is enough;
When man hath gained enough with speed,
Contentment is the stuff.

UNIV. OF MICH.

"I'SE HAD A LUSHUS BITE"

Dem Melons

I KNOWS just whar dem melons are;
  Dem melons ripe and fine;
Dey grows up in de patches dar,
  Just o'er Mas' Linkum's line.

I 'se watched them growin' all de year;
  I 'se prayed for sun and rain;
I 'se seen dem in de moonlight clear,
  From Massa Linkum's lane.

I 'se hoed among 'em froo de day;
  I 'se watched 'em in de night;
And in de co'ner by de way
  I 'se had a lushus bite.

Dem melons is de bes' what grows;
  I wish dey 'd allas grow;
For den, as Massa Linkum knows,
  I 'd in his patches hoe.

The Meanest Thing in the World

In life I have traveled o'er many a mile,
By railroad, by steamboat, on horseback, on foot;
The big world I 've seen in its pomp and its style,
And endured the stern hardships of warfare to boot.

Of monarchs hard-hearted, like Nero, I 've read,
Delighting to revel in frolics of blood;
Of barbarous minions mutilating the dead
And drenching fair lands with a warm, crimson flood.

The traitor I 've known, so detested by all;
The pimp and the harlot, to decency blind;
The dirty old miser, with wealth in his hall,
Yet selfish and stupid, despised by mankind.

Scolding wives I have known, vicious, ugly, and keen;
Husbands lost to compassion and dripping with shame;
Fretful, peevish old maids, queerly tempered and mean,
And husky old bachelors, morally lame.

Over smokers and chewers men make great ado;
The habit is filthy, offensive, condemned;
So also the drinker, the sot is so low
That paint him in language I do not pretend.

But of all the world's foibles, its weakness, and sin,
I pause at a temper eclipsing the whole;
It causes more trouble, creates a worse din,
Than all other habits which darken the soul.

Take heed to the demon which now I indict!
Beware of its spirit, lest long you regret;
The meanest of mean things, the farthest from right,
Is temper that will not forgive nor forget.

Two Neighbors

A STURDY man, Pluck was his name,
In strenuous tasks was always found;
He climbed the steps of noble fame,
And left his neighbor, Luck, uncrowned.

What Am I?

No MAN hath ever seen me, yet fan I every cheek;
No man can breathe without me, however strong or weak;
No man hath ever heard me, though all may hear my sound;
No man can e'er control me, nor trace my mystic round.

I go where'er it please me, and come again at will;
I move with rapid motion, or gently, slow, and still;
I never have been weary, though active day and night;
I 'm sometimes rather dreary, and often men affright.

I glory in the forest, and love to sway the trees;
At home upon the prairie, I make men seek their lees;
Upon the mighty ocean I have unstinted sway,
And on the lofty mountain I find a place to play.

The places where I go not, as down beneath the deep,
Are places men may know not, though many there may sleep.
I stay with men in pleasure; I stay with them in pain;
I cling to mortals ever till they rest beneath the main.

At Wit's End

"I KNOW not what to do," he said,
"I know not what to do;
I 've stirred my brain, and wracked my head,
And pumped my judgment too;
But how to turn, or what to do,
In this perplexing plight;
To act, yet not my action rue,
Is what gets me to-night.

"I know not what to do," she said,
"I know not what to do;
To this queer point I have been led,
Vexatious tangles through;
But how to turn, or what to do,
Surpasses my decree;
Would I could see the future through
And know the best for me."

"We know not what to do," they say;
"We know not what to do;"
This life brings puzzles every day,
And visions dim to view;

We 're all alike in one respect—
A nonplused, baffled crew,—
We reach the points where we reflect
And "know not what to do."

At Wisdom's Beginning

"I 'LL do my very best," he said,
"In puzzling places here;
The best I know, and go ahead
In my assigned career.
Should doubts extreme at length impede
My onward, upward swing,
I 'll try to settle them with speed
And take more rapid wing."

"I 'll do my very best," she said,
"Though come to me what may;
The best I can, at every tread,
And onward urge my way;
To exercise a judgment quick,
To keep in working frame,
At every task to closely stick,
Shall be my constant aim."

And here is where the wise begin
To live the wisest life;
The life that 's sure the prize to win,
No matter what the strife:
They write upon their banner bright
This motto brave and blest—
"In every peril, every plight,
I 'll do my very best."

A Mighty Cable

HABIT is a cable;
Our words and actions make it;
Its strands we 're daily weaving;
At length we can not break it.

Opportunity

OUR golden opportunity
Is in the bright to-day;
The future may not come to us,
The past has sped away.

"My 'ittle Pickaninnie"

I is happy as a clam, sah; happy as de singin' la'k;
Happie' dan de bo-ideal when he goes his gi'l to spa'k;
For my hea't is light as fedders, yes, as light as a balloon,
'Cause my 'ittle pickaninnie nebber 'll see dat bad saloon.

I feels st'onger dan Gib'alta' and de hills ob ole Quebec,
'Cause I know dose whisky selle's nebber can my cabin wreck;
Dey will nebber get my chill'en; my ole man will now be free,
And dis 'ittle pickaninnie will an angel allays be.

I is rich as Creasus' kingdom, and as Rockefella's, too;
And jes' like de kings and princes I can almost allays do;
For my man will keep a diggin', sober, ebe'y day de same,
And my 'ittle pickaninnie 'll hab some money to his name.

Safe and rich and strong and happy,—can I ebbe' ask for more?
Dis is like de berry heb'en ober on dat golden shore;
And if dey 'll keep out de licke's I will allays bless de Lawd,
And my 'ittle pickaninnie 'll be de angels' best rewawd.

"MY 'ITTLE PICKANINNIE"

Let It Go

If you make a sad mistake—
One that gives you keen heartache—
To correct it courage take,
Then, for own and others' sake,
  Let it go! Let it go!

If involved in trouble sore,
That which stirs you to the core,
Put it down, or pass it o'er;
Holding trouble makes it more,—
  Let it go! Let it go!

Should there come a grievous loss,
Turning gold to utter dross,
Bear it as you would a cross
Or away the burden toss;
  Let it go! Let it go!

If surprised by a rebuff,
Curt and surly, mean and rough,
Class it with life's worthless stuff;
Call it bluster, buncombe, bluff;
  Let it go! Let it go!

Should your work with failure meet,
Never let it cause retreat;
Wiser effort quick repeat,
Wring success from your defeat;
Make it go! Make it go!

Fight It Out

"Fear is not cured by fleeing, but facing and fighting."
—Life Line

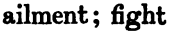
If you have a milky liver
And at bugbears quake and quiver,
Do n't forget that, while you shiver,
Craven fear is no pluck-giver:
Dash right in and fight it out.

If there 's no escape from trouble,
Though precaution you redouble,
All your moral force undouble;
Treat the trouble as a bubble:
Face the issue; fight it out.

If you meet an ugly fighter,
Tight the place, and growing tighter;

Fear won't make the outlook brighter,
Nor the monster's fist much lighter:
Gird your loins, and fight it out.

If in mortal dread of dying,
Always scared, and ever sighing,
Sick of pills and potions trying;
Then, on God's good help relying,
Brave the ailment; fight it out.



"Thirteen"

"Unlucky," they say, is the number "thirteen,"
As if figures could influence fate.
What experts are the gods, as observers how keen,
If ill-luck always turns upon date!

Every month to our race its "thirteen" tosses out;
Not a man from "thirteen" can escape;
Why is n't each life by this fact put to rout,
And each door-knob surmounted by crape?

One-thirtieth of men on the "thirteenth" are born;
Dame Nature the figures defies;

Why do n't these "thirteenths," in a spirit forlorn,
In proof of ill-fortune arise?

If luck is a factor in "thirteen" affairs,
Or "thirteen" a factor in luck,
Why has n't the world, in its war upon cares,
Cast out this big bogy with pluck?

To this bugbear "thirteen," in the silliest ways,
In terror through life you may stoop;
But you surely will find at the end of your days
You have been but a victim and dupe.

For this number "thirteen" is as good as the rest;
Believe it; you never will rue;
For it never brought ill to the worst or the best,—
And this is a sensible view.

A Business Secret

In business learn this secret art—
The key to shekel-taking;
In all success the major part
Is due to friendship-making.

THE FLYING FISH

The Flying Fish

THE flying fish, upon my word,
Is rarer than a swimming bird.

A duck, a gull, a swan afloat,
Is nothing over which to gloat.

But 't is a most surprising thing
To see a real fish take wing.

A splash, a flash, a streak of light,
A speed quite like an arrow's flight;

And while the gaping tourist cheers,
The fin-wing creature disappears.

'Git Up and Git"

A HOMELY adage, sure enough,
In its English, feeble stuff;
But remember, Church or State,
Up and getting make men great.

How To Grow Old

THERE is no trick in growing old;
'T is natural, like teething;
Retaining on your life a hold,
You simply keep a-breathing.

Then, later on, when strength is full
And business cares are seething,
You on your life renew your pull
And persevere in breathing.

And when at last you make your will,
Your chattels all bequeathing,
Your grip on life retaining still,
You keep your lungs a-heaving.

'T is all in breathing, do n't you see?
Mortality defying,
Each person lives, as all agree,
Till breathing stops in dying.

How To Stay Young

Let me state a wholesome truth:
Perfect health is constant youth;
Swift decay advances age;
Doldrums o'er diseases rage.

Keep your health, if nothing more!
Hold vitality in store!
Do the things which quicken zeal!
Shun excesses; ills conceal!

Foster strength by genial task!
Breathe fresh air; in sunshine bask!
Move along discovery lines;
Newness rouses and refines!

Keep your face in pleasant pose!
Turn from troubles; bury woes!
Never be afraid to laugh!
Never stoop to vulgar chaff!

Don't expect to gain too much
Lucre, pleasure, fame, and such!
Be content with what you need!
Banish gluttony and greed!

In your calling do your best!
Regulate your toil and rest!
Strive in virtue to excel!
Youth stays long when treated well.

Bumpy Bump

Bumpy Bump was his name, and his life was a fright,
For he lived in a stew, thinking nothing was right;
Or if nothing was wrong it was simply because
Bumpy Bump could not state or discover the flaws.

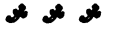
Bumpy Bump was a frowner on everything bright;
Nothing gay could he brook, and he sought no delight;
He would govern the world by most rigorous laws,
And compel every man to espouse his own cause.

Bumpy Bump was alert and quite ready to fight
Any half-hearted friend or opponent at sight;
Every view not his own would unloose his big jaws,
And his wrath would pour forth without ever a pause.

Bumpy Bump held his faith with a grip that was tight,
And he spurned doctrines new with the breath of his
might;
He had never a use for new-fangled gew-gaws,
Nor for popular whims, nor for ringing applause.

All the hoary old creeds Bumpy Bump could recite;
All the dogmas and proofs he could quickly indite;
Any hymns that were new were as worthless as straws,
And for all sorts of games he had only haw-haws.

Bumpy Bump at the last reached a solitude quite,
For no mortal in charity pitied his plight;
Every one had been bled by the teeth of his saws,
And all stood aloof from the clutch of his paws.



Duty and Beauty

Line of duty—never swerved;
Line of beauty—always curved;
Follow duty through and through,
Beauty line will follow you.

An Unconcealed Weapon

Would you a keen-edged weapon bear,
And use it too the while?—
A weapon always right in place,
A weapon never in disgrace,
That well becomes an honest face?—
Then wear a genial smile.

Would you to conquest oft attain,
And live in victor's style;
Yet ne'er inflict one bit of pain,
Although you see ten thousand slain?
Then wield that weapon of domain—
A heartfelt, genial smile.

Would you as conquering hero win
Ovations by the mile?
Then kindness steep your spirit in;
The deeds of brother-love begin,
And from your forehead to your chin
Take on the genial smile.

A Siren Voice

"WHAT do they say?" said he;
"What do they say to thee?
What do they say in the club o'er the way?
What do they say of me?"

"What do they say or think?
How do they squint or wink?
Does any one smile at my latest style?
What are their words in ink?"

"What do they say?" said he;
"How far do they agree?
What is my fate in their estimate?
What will their verdict be?"

Thus ever the siren quest
Is ringing from East to West;
"What do they say of my doings to-day?
What do they think is best?"

Contempt for opinion's slave!
Disdain for the sneering knave!
Let the siren go to her chamber of woe!
Stand forth in the big world, brave!

My Little Mission

I CAN not be a sun complete, but I can be a ray,
And shine in some poor fellow's heart, benighted and astray;
I can not chase away the gloom from continent and sea,
But I can show a brother lone how dear he is to me.

I can not lift from lake and stream the vapor-forming rain,
And pour it forth in gentle showers upon the thirsty plain;
But I can lift the lighter mists from sorrow-stricken eyes,
And point the drooping spirit up to mercy's bending skies.

I can not gild the mountain tops with luster shining far,
But I can cause a human eye to sparkle like a star;
By gentle word and loving deed I can dispense good cheer,
And thus create a little world of sunshine round me here.

Part III

Incidental Ditties

THE things that happen by the way,
From current life outcropping,
Oft bring the risables in play,
Despondency estopping.

"Cut It Short"

A GENTLEMAN sat in a barber's high chair,
The barber was cutting the gentleman's hair;
Was cutting and talking, as barbers will do,
In fact he was talking a real streak of blue.

A newspaper lay on the gentleman's knee,
For trying to gather the late news was he;
But the barber's glib tongue kept rattling right on
Till much of the gentleman's patience was gone.

"Will you please cut it short?" the gentleman said;
He meaning the tale, but the barber instead
Supposed it an order to shorten the hair,
And rapidly clipped at the hirsute so fair.

He rapidly clipped, and kept talking the while,
Kept talking in genuine barberous style
Till, growing indignant, the gentleman said,
"O, do cut it short, for it hurteth my head!"

So shorter and shorter the crop of hair grew,
But longer and longer the tale, till there flew
Quick and hot from the lips of the gentleman bored,
"Cut it short, or I 'll leave!" and quite true to the word,

The barber he cut, and kept cutting some more,
While talking and talking as ever before;
Kept cutting and talking, a clippity-clip,
Till the customer's scalp was as bare as his lip.

And so when the gentleman left the high chair
He was plus a long tale, but was minus a hair;
And never thereafter did he try to read
While barbers were cutting his hair with such speed.

Overloaded

A BUNGLE-HEADED, beardless youth
Took down his father's gun;
Into it put a mammoth charge,
And thought he 'd have some fun.
Not satisfied with loading once,
So high did he aspire,
He crowded down a second charge,
Then was afraid to fire.
And so he kept on loading up,
To complicate the puzzle,

Until the added charges filled
The musket to the muzzle.
Just then his grandmamma came in
And asked him what he 'd done;
Said he, "I 've got it loaded up,"—
Then took his hat and run.
The old and brave, good-natured dame
Reproved the running wight,
Then seized the gun, the hammer raised,
And pointed toward the light.
She pulled the trigger with a jerk,
Then took a mighty bound;
The gun had knocked her off her feet
And hurled her to the ground.
At that the lad came running back,
The roar had turned him round;
He saw the woman struggling up,
And groaning with a wound.
"Lie still, old grannie," said the lad,
"You 've only shot off one;
When you have fired eleven more
You 'll have an empty gun."

MORAL.

Beware of guns which others load,
For often you will find
A dozen loads instead of one,
To make sure work behind.

The Catholic School

I 'VE traveled east and traveled west;
I 've gone the country o'er;
I 've seen the worst and sought the best,
As others have before;
But one thing plain in all my search,
I note that as a rule,
Wherever you find a Catholic church
You 'll find a Catholic school.

The priest is priest, and teacher too;
He hears the old confess,
And sees the young instructed through
Their years of tenderness;
He plants the cross and swings the birch,
For Rome is never a fool;

She knows the way to build the Church
  Is through the Catholic school.

Let Protestants much wisdom learn—
  The wisdom tried by age—
Nor foolishly the lesson spurn,
  Nor nullify by rage;
See Roman diligence employed
  To make the papal tool;
Your boy or girl or mine decoyed
  Within the Catholic school.

Bathing Superfluous

A CLERGYMAN of Georgia who was quartered for the night
In an isolated cabin found himself in luckless plight;
No facilities for bathing—no, not even of his face—
Could be found within his chamber or adjacent to the place.

When the morning light had broken, he a requisition made
For a wash-bowl and a towel, and a comb of any grade;
When the junior of the household, late appearing from beneath,
Brought a rusty tin and dishcloth, and a comb with seven teeth.

Sitting down, he watched the preacher in his toilet-doing act,
And then asked him, quite astonished, whether, as a simple fact,
He performed the same ablution every morning without fail—
All the washing, combing, wiping, and the cleaning of the nail.

Being answered "Yes," the urchin one more query butted in;
It was, "Mister, do n't you sometimes think it is a sort o' sin
To be makin' so much trouble for yourself as well as us
By keepin' up this washin', wipen', combin', cleanin' fuss?"

The Little Grayback

THE soldier's boon companion, his faithful body-guard,
That shares his bed and raiment, and keeps him watch and ward,
That never leaves his person, nor asks a day's release,
Nor runs away in battle, nor shirks in time of peace.

He 's smaller than a bedbug and slower than a flea,
Yet every Union soldier with me will quite agree
That when he wants his rations he 'll get them in a trice,
And cause more lively scratching than cats pursuing mice.

I 've seen a thousand soldiers along the beaten track,
And not a man among them with shirt upon his back;
Their garments they are searching, deep down in every seam,
For graybacks love snug quarters in which to sleep and dream.

They 're fast in taking rations, but slow in getting filled;
They 're lively in their travels, and multiply when killed;
A more tormenting creature hath ne'er survived the flood,
Nor cursed the race of Adam, nor feasted on his blood.

I 'm glad these little graybacks have left the scene of strife;
I 'm glad that boiling water is fatal to their life;
I hope all Union soldiers will keep so clean and nice
That down to Satan's quarters will go all body lice.

Critics and the Patriarchs

A PREACHER old, of Scottish cult,
Defending Bible truth,
Arraigned the critics high and low—
All infidels, forsooth.

"My freens," he cried, "when ane ye tak
With skeepticesm's ways,
Nae one can teel where ye 'el come oot
With patriarchal days.

"These men lived long, too long by far
To suit the creetiks' view;
So fix 'em up, in modern ways,
And make 'em young and new.

"The creetiks say that we must coont
The patriarchal yeers
As oonly months—divide by twelve—
Their troothful age appears.

"Methuselah was therefore not
A thousand yeers of age,
But oonly seventy-five at moost—
This helps the Sacred Page.

"A dacent age is that for man,
As you will all agree;
But pay me heed, my freens, to this
One thing that poozles me:

"Fine thing this noo-fledged learning is—
For Noah, strong and bold,
The father of two sons became
When ainly five years oold."

The Fly Trap

A BACHELOR, to clear his room
Of flies that broke his slumber,
Two sheets of sticky paper bought,
The insects to encumber.

He placed the open sheets on chairs
Beside his bed so handy;
And then went out to take a smoke
And buy a box of candy.

Returning when the clock had struck
His hour for retiring,
He had forgotten both the traps
Set for the insect miring.

And carelessly he sat him down
Plump on one sticky paper;
Then, jumping, pulled his trousers off,
Chagrined by such a caper.

And backing to the other chair,
Trap number two ignoring,
He dropped—but soon was in the air—
Half-dazed, full-mad, and *roaring*.

The Preacher and the Robber

A YOUTHFUL circuit rider of the old-time circuit school
Was appointed to "Brush College" in accordance with the rule.
The college was a great one in those early gospel days,
And our rider was a model in all Methodistic ways.

So he jumped astride his roadster, having filled his saddle-bags,
And proceeded on his journey through the woods and swamps and snags;
The journey was a long one and required fortitude,
But the preacher was a strong one, though he needed ample food.

Along the route so lonely there were none to cheer his way,
Not a living being met him through the livelong summer day;
And only one o'ertook him—a man of giant mold,
On a furious charger mounted, in demeanor rough and bold.

"Whither bound, my fellow?" quizzed the stranger, hoarse and low,
Half conceding by his manner that he had no right to know.
But the preacher answered promptly, "I am bound for Zionview
And the settlements adjacent; are you also going through?"

"I am not," replied the stranger, "but to Robberville instead;
And if you prefer to do so, you can share my board and bed.
We will reach my destination just about the set of sun,
And you will feel, I reckon, that your journey then is done."

"Are there no taverns on the route, sir," asked the circuit-riding youth.
"Not a tavern," said the stranger, "nor a settlement; in truth,
My hovel is the only one which you will see to-day;
And unless you sleep outdoors, sir, in that you 'll have to stay."

The preacher paused, suspecting he had missed his
proper road,
For he had been instructed that a Methodist abode
Would be open to receive him just at the set of sun,
If he urged his pony forward as he hitherto had done.

"No use to stop here, captain; there is naught to feed
upon;
You can not back your journey, for the day is nearly
gone.
I 'll see you safe till morning if you have the cash to
pay;
My hut 's as good as any, and it lies along your way."

The preacher eyed the stranger while he talked of "hut"
and "cash,"
And felt his undertaking to be nothing else than rash.
Alone through such a forest he had bravely ventured
forth,
But now he wished he had n't by all his money's worth.

But he made a quick decision, and resolved to go ahead;
Politely thanked his fellow for the proffered board and
bed;

Made a turn in conversation and religion introduced,
Proclaiming free salvation till he reached the robber's roost.

Lo, what a change! the matron quick to meet him at the door,
Gave the pastor such a welcome as he ne'er received before;
The "hut" he so much dreaded proved a heaven for the night,
With something *added* to his "cash" to cheer him in his plight.

No need of explanation, though the "stranger" thought it fit—
For he had feigned the "robber" just to try the preacher's grit;
It cheered his heart immensely not to see his pastor dodge,
And he welcomed him forever to his old itinerant lodge.

OLD SAMBO

Old Sambo

Old Sambo to the market went
With basket large, but not a cent.
He passed along from stall to stall
And priced the tempting produce all.
"De price am fair, de goods am fine;
I wish," he said, "some cash was mine."

At length he paused. A happy thought
On his low-pressure brain had caught.
He could not buy. If he could borrow,
He might return the change to-morrow;
But where the tradesman who would lend
To one who had no cash to spend?

He chose his man and asked the loan
In modest, low, beseeching tone.
To his surprise, consent was given,
And Sambo thought himself in heaven;
He did until the dealer made
Conditions for the luckless trade.

His plan was this: Sambo with vim
Might fill his basket to the brim;

Then, generous man, Sambo could pay
His debt upon the following day;
But, goods included, bargain fair,
Sambo must leave his basket there.

Old Sambo stood in musing mood,
Quite loath to leave the pawn-held food:
"Dis loan," said he, "am not de ting
Dat does de bestest pleasure bring;
Instead of goods lent to the poor,
Sambo would lose his basket sure."

Unchangeable Identity

From town a pert professor came,
This truth to give a wider range—
Identity remains the same,
Although materials may change.

A hearer rose, of rustic life,
And this peculiar statement made:
"A year ago I bought a knife,
But soon did lose the pretty blade;

"I then a new blade had put in,
And, to prevent the losing game,
I had the new blade not so thin;
Now did my knife remain the same?"

"Yes," the professor quick replied,
And spoke the answer with a will,
"An object, with a part supplied,
Remains the same old object still."

"Well," said the rustic, sober-faced,
"My losing luck was still to blame;
The handle lost, I had replaced;
Now does my knife remain the same?"

"Yes," said the speaker, though confused,
And possibly a little vexed;
"It is the same." His hearers mused,
And wondered what was coming next.

"Then," said the querist, "luck reversed;
I found the blade and handle old,
Put them together, same as first—
Which knife doth now the sameness hold?"

The Irishman's View of Immersion*

THRAE times I 've read the Bible through,
And once upon me bended knaes;
The essence of its doctrines drew,
And marked its precepts, words, and ways.

Immarsion sure it does contain,
If only by example rare;
I sarched for this and sarched it clane,
And God did grant my arnest prayer.

Thrae cases of immarsion clear
Are in the Howly Book made known;
The spranklers need not greatly fear,
For faith the thrae stand all alone.

For number one the flood survives;
It whelmed the race—each mither son—
Save Noah, wife, and sons and wives,
Who sure were sprankled, ivery one.†

*NOTE.—In one of the Methodist Conferences of Canada was a preacher who had the habit of mingling the brogue of the Emerald Isle with his English utterances, and being a man of wide reading and keen wit, and very sharp and sarcastic in controversy, he came to be known as "The Wild Irishman." He prepared a course of lectures on the subject of baptism, arguing strongly for sprinkling as the only proper mode, and after working up his audience to the highest pitch of excitement on the subject, leaving the immersionists with not a grain of comfort, he would wind up his remarks, amid convulsive laughter, with a narration of his own experience, substantially as above.

†1 Peter 3: 20, 21.

Ah, sprankled? yes, I make no doubt,
Though mankind seldom see such sights;
The Bible says it rained about
The space of forty days and nights.†

For number two I here recall
King Pharaoh and his mighty hosts;
The dape Red Sea submarged them all,
So of this proof immarsion boasts.

The Jews were sprankled, 't is maintained;
A strong wind o'er them dashed the spray;‡
The Psalmist says it also rained,
'Mid thunderings loud and lightning's play.§

The last example which I fooned,
Was where the divil swine disparsed;
Toward "a steep place" they made a boond,
And plunging down were all immarsed.

Yet of this case, I here must say,
Dapely one fact my mind impressed;
The immarsed were hogs, yet even they
Were not immarsed until possessed.

†Genesis 7: 4. ‡ Exodus 14: 21. § Psalms 77: 16, 17, 18.

In a Bishop's Bed

Last night I slept in a bishop's bed,
And marvelous were my dreams;
A thousand cares flashed through my head
Like dust-charged sunshine beams.

A preacher bright, in deference asked
For an appointment high;
While laymen strong the wish unmasked
That I would pass him by.

A preacher's wife in tearful stand
My sympathy implored;
A needless change was the demand
Of their official board.

Committees came in stern array,
Expressing want and woe;
Some asked for pastors still to stay,
And some bade theirs to go.

With elders oft I wrestled hard,
In plan and plea and prayer,
That worthy men might be prepared
To go they knew not where.

And restless Churches by the score
  Before my vision rose,
Their needs rehearsing o'er and o'er
  Until my vitals froze.

I rolled and tossed my weary frame
  In dread that o'er me crept;
When lo! to consciousness I came,
  And thanked the Lord—and slept.

An Attachment

A BACHELOR sheriff by duty was called,
  A writ of attachment to serve;
Though a widow of note was the party involved,
  From duty he could not swerve.

He called at the door and politely did say—
  "I have an attachment for you!"
She blushed and returned, in the naivest of way,
  The reciprocal compliment due.

"But," answered the officer, red in the face,
  "My meaning you do n't understand;

You must go into court and plead in the case,
As charged by the law of the land."

"Ah!" answered the widow, "I know it's leap year;
But courting I leave, sir, to you!"
"Zounds!" thundered the bachelor, making it clear,
"My part of the service is through;

"The justice is waiting your coming just now;
Repair to the court and be heard!"
"The justice!" she said, "why dearest, I vow
A parson is greatly preferred."

No Stuttering Women

(A physician remarks that "women who stutter are very scarce.")

Aye, the women will not stutter; they propose to talk
it straight;
They may talk it bright and early; they may talk it
good and late;
They may talk it keen and lively; they may talk it sweet
and gay;
But they will not st-t-stutter, in a queer, spasmodic way.

Did you ever see a woman for one moment hesitate
When she wants to do some talking, to commend you, or berate;
Did you ever see her stumble over syllable or word
In a nervous, jerky fashion, with her every sentence blurred?

Ask a woman any question; ask the question anywhere;
Ask it quickly, ask it slowly; she will never stand and stare,
With her jaws a t-t-twitching and her words half blurted out,
As she turns embarrassed from you, or goes staggering about.

I have known the men to stutter, t-t-times again repeat,
T-t-trying words to utter when their friends they g-g-greet;
But I never knew an instance when a woman made a break
And began to stutter trying rapid thoughts to overtake.

No! a woman will not stutter; set that down as safely so;
Were the habit to come to her, she would quickly lay it low.

She will never pause nor falter in the utterance of sound
While the fashion is for talking and a hearer is around.

He, Not I

"It makes a difference whose ox is gored."

"He lost his all!" The truth was told,
In blackest type, with headline bold.
That "all" seems much like worthless pelf—
The "he" is other, not myself.

"He lost his health!" Yes, many do;
He was consoled, sincerely, too;
Not hard to go upon the shelf—
That "he" is other, not myself.

"He lost his child!" "How sad!" they said;
"How bitterly he mourns his dead!"
Why should he mourn the little elf?
Ah! "he" is other, not myself.

"He lost his all!" No loss so great!
"He lost his health!" O dreadful fate!
"He lost his child!" Show pity, brother!
That "he" is I, and not another.

"See the Point"

One Tom and Betty quarreled, and Tom was in the
wrong;
So Betty was indignant, and scolded loud and long;
She kept the racket going, not sparing the accused,
And gave to Tom occasion to feel himself abused.
See the point?

Abuse to human nature is worse than sorest pain;
It rankles in the bosom, and rankles o'er again;
And Tom in desperation, as the victim of abuse,
Declared for the abuser he had n't any use.
See the point?

So Tom and Betty parted, each sorely in the wrong;
The enmity between them forever growing strong.
'T were better, safer, saner, a small abuse to bear
Than madly to resent it, and worse abuse to dare.
See the point?

A Shining Duty

It is the duty of all to shine,
You in your corner, I in mine.

To shine with clear and steady light,
Like brightest stars in darkest night;
To shine by word and look and deed,
To bind the broken hearts that bleed;
To raise the faint and aid the poor,
And ope to all a sunshine door.

Our only mission is to shine,
You in your corner, I in mine.

Shine like the sun for God and truth;
Shine on the hearts of age and youth;
In haunt of sin, in sorrow's pall,
In kindness shine for one and all.
God looks from heaven to see you shine,
You in your corner, I in mine.

My Birthday

O DAY supreme, supreme to me,
When I began the world to see!
To see the world, and meet my friends,
Develop life, and learn its ends;
To learn its ends, and share its bliss,
And make it to abound in this;
For this is why the birthday came,
To make my life with goodness flame.

To flame with goodness! Mighty task!
It drives me higher help to ask;
To ask of God, to man appeal;
To summon faith, and wisdom real;
To set a watch on heart and lip,
On tongue and foot and finger-tip;
To watch the record, keep it clear,
From day to day, from year to year.

The record grows! The swift birthdays
A long, white row of milestones raise.
Life's train flies on with lightning speed,
And soon must reach the end indeed.

I wonder what shall be the end,
When milestones into tombstones blend!
I'll not despair, but wait and see,
And every birthday fill with glee.

My First Flame

Quite dear to me, in youthful days,
The girl I called my flame;
To match her modest, kindly ways
Was my most constant aim;
I liked to sit by her in class
And read with her by turns;
For such a bright and lively lass
No sane boy ever spurns.

Her father rich, her mother fine,
Her sister college-trained;
She lived upon the old town line
Her brothers were big-brained;
And when with Mary I was thrown,
Though shy as wildest deer,
I'm willing even now to own
I thought my heaven near.

Whene'er we walked along the road,
We walked on either side;
Our talking was an episode
Across the great divide;
And yet to be within her sight,
And see her safely home,
I felt to be as proud a right
As could to boyhood come.

The years wore on; the lambent flame
Survived in mild degree;
I cared for Mary just the same,
And Mary cared for me;
Yet, when I came a wife to take,
She stood not at my side;
Nor was I there a vow to make
When she became a bride.

Rifts in the Clouds

Smile away trials, sing away cares,
Sunshine will brighten your home unawares;
Work when you sorrow, trust when you grieve;
Fresh from the fountain comfort receive.

Asking My Consent

Upon my daughter's hand he placed
A diamond pure and white,
And when she next my presence graced
She flashed the gem in sight,
And looking in my startled eyes
She smiled a loving smile,
Which seemed to ask, in sweet disguise,
"How do you like the style?"

Within a day or two he came
Where I alone did sit;
And, posing in an humble frame,
He spake, then paused a bit,
And added low, "I am in love,
And all my future bliss
Depends on living with your dove
And your consent in this."

"And do you think," was my demand,
"That you can ever be
As happy with her, joined in hand,
As I am with her free?"

He moved his lips, and slowly said,
"In this world, or above;
Asleep, awake, alive, or dead,
With her I am in love."

You ask me if I gave consent?
How could I do the less?
On him my darling's heart was bent,
As did the ring confess;
And so, with two young hearts inclined
Against my one heart old,
How could I ever courage find
To turn the shoulder cold?

The Happiest Three

I ASKED some jovial business men
The happiest words to mortal ken.
One said that "orders" took the lead,
While some on "customers" agreed.

One slow of speech, of sober face,
Long trained in the commercial race,
Allowed of all the words on deck
None equaled these,—"Enclosed find check."

The Twinkling Eye

Be not too grave this side the grave,
  Lest all too soon you die;
Seek not to waive a laughing wave,
  Nor start a useless cry.
A busy bee may pleasant be,
  While laying honey by;
And busy man, by trying can
  Maintain the twinkling eye.

Part IV

Sentimental Rhythm

Were sentiment removed from life,
The passions only leaving,
The world would prove a scene of strife,
Our very being cleaving.

Nature's Tears

WHILE Nature mourns the dying year,
With lengthened nights and winter drear,
She tunes her heart with Christmas cheer.

We live, we love, we fail, we die,
And every season passing by
Reminds us that the end is nigh.

But just as Nature mourns the year,
Then ushers in the days more clear,
So let new love displace our fear.

Be glad that when the year is through
A brighter one will come in view,
With richer joy, I trust, for you.

Dedication of a Guest Book

A WELCOME guest and ready host
  Give life a happy zest;
'T were well to mark the hour when they
  Were each by other blest.

My Relatives

My relatives are those I love,
  Who have a love for me;
Our kinship cometh from above,
  Across the mystic sea.

For accident of blood or birth
  No claim I recognize;
I rest it all on merit, worth,
  And power to sympathize.

My wife and children are my own,
  And boundless is their hold;
They share my life, my blood and bone—
  Their claim is pure as gold.

A brother may be close to me,
  A sister may be dear;
Toward parents I may loving be,
  And live their age to cheer.

But nephews, nieces, cousins all,
  And uncles, aunts galore,
Not one I choose my kin to call,
  Unless, as said before,

I find in each a worthy friend—
A loving heart and true;
To such I cling unto the end,
As relative should do.

His Spot of Sunshine*

ALONE and dejected a prisoner lay,
Shut off from his fellows, shut in from the day;
When, lo! in his dungeon a sunbeam appears,
And silently, sweetly the prisoner cheers.

The spot where it rested the captive marks well;
The brightest and dearest within his lone cell;
And daily he chisels with instrument rude
The form he conceives in his fanciful mood.

And lo! when the sunbeam is chiseled in stone,
A sign of the thought of the prisoner lone;
It stands in bold outline, the Christ on the cross,
His sunshine of spirit, a gain for his loss.

*A poor man in Europe, thrown in prison for debt, was cheered every day by a little ray of sunshine which crept through a small aperture in his dungeon, forming a figure which seemed to him like Christ upon the cross. Groping about in his cell, he found a nail and a stone, and with these rude implements, he chiseled the picture into the solid adamant.

True Friends Are Best

Old friends are good; true friends are best;
The old may be the true;
And happy they who now are blest
With true friends, old or new.

Old friends may fail. There's naught in age
To make a friendship sure;
But love and life and truth engage
To keep true friendship pure.

True friends are best, although they may
Be new as newest morn;
Nor wise nor kind nor brave are they
Who would new friendship scorn.

Who are the true? Not those who fail
Your good name to defend;
But those on whom, when foes assail,
You can for help depend.

Who are the true? Not such as care
For yours far more than you;

"A NOISY STILLNESS"

But such as for your weal will dare
To die, or live and do.

Give me the friend that stands the test
Of life's extremest tryst;
That friend I'll count the first and best,
Though latest in my list.

In a Lady's Album

I NEVER feel less lonely than when I am alone;
Nor ever quite so lonely as when with others thrown.
Therefore in lonely hours a friend both tried and true
Is ever present with me, and greeting gives to you.

Noisy Stillness

A QUIET night, a peaceful shore,
A flashing scene the waters o'er;
No sound except the ocean's roar,
A noisy stillness evermore.

Gems From An Old Casket

In pensive mood a Christian bard
From ancient casket sought a gem;
The Muse repaid his just regard
With jewels for his diadem.

The diamond "faith" came first to view,
A precious fundamental stone;
The moral structure shining through,
And to all values giving tone.

The opal next of blessed "hope,"
An anchor for the storm-tossed soul;
Firm-holding though the spirit grope
Toward the beacon-lighted goal.

Then came the pearl of "gratitude,"
A thankful sense for good received;
None need to its high worth allude;
Without it, God with man is grieved.

The ruby of a holy "zeal,"
A spirit of swift-rushing flame,
Man's heart to warm, his woes to heal,
And rouse his soul to purer aim.

The agate of "forgiveness" pure,
Which blessing strews in foeman's path;
And in the heart effects a cure
Of that diseased emotion, wrath.

The emerald of "patience" long
A virtue of angelic mold,
Unruffled by affliction strong,
Unmoved by provocation bold.

The amethyst of "charity,"
The love which seeks a neighbor's weal,
And does without disparity
His virtues praise, his faults conceal.

The Christian stored these gems of worth
As precious jewels in his life,
And found, when he had passed from earth,
With heavenly beauty they were rife.

Those Far-off Days

When we were young and life was high
We looked the world straight in the eye:
Its seeming good we did espy;
Its noble principles apply;
Its cunning evils to defy,
And keep our burnished armor nigh.

When we were young and life was high,
No use had we for tear or sigh;
No room for grief or vain outcry,
Nor yet for fear or faces wry.
We stood to win or dying try,
Ere time beyond recall might fly.

When we were young and life was high
We let no values useless lie,
Nor chance for happiness pass by.
With each and other we did vie,
To cultivate each friendly tie
And let no rich affection die.

A Love Secret

'T is love awakens love; but sleeping love
Puts love to sleep. Be sure of this:
Though far or near, the friend you love
Will listless prove should love in you decline.
No subtler essence lives than love;
It thrives and grows as flame is fed by flame;
The agile spirit leaps afar to reach
Its sweet congenial mate; no leap,
No growing love; like fire unfed,
Love long unnourished wanes and dies.
  I had a friend, a dear warm friend,
In whose kind bosom love increased
As love in mine waxed warm;
But when, in course of years, the loving fire
In my own heart went down, I thought
'T will not be known; my friend will constant prove,
Though love in me grows cold. Alas!
Delusive proved my hope; the coldness, too,
Had leaped through widening space and chilled
The soul of my dear friend. And when
At length we met, no spark of love
Flashed forth from either heart; in mutual death

Our mutual loves had died; or else
My dying love my friend's had killed;
No matter which, for love was dead the same.
  Remember this: love feeds on love,
While love neglected dies. No matter where
Your loving friend may dwell, or far or near,
Unless affection, like a living spring,
Your faithful soul o'erflows, the love
Of closest friend will fail and die.
  Love fosters love. If love die out,
The zest from life is gone. You meet
Your former friend in different mood,
And face and form seem changed, because
Your heart of flame has changed
To heart made bare of love.
  Then cherish love. Keep it supplied
With elements of warmth and growing power.
Breathe forth sweet words of gentleness. Act out
Unchanging love. Your constancy express
In endless iteration. Tell it o'er
In tireless strength: I love! I love!! I love!!!
For only thus, till death shall come
And bring immortal love, can love
In mortal heart be kept intensely real.

"Do You Love Me?"

"Do YOU love me?" she inquired;
"Do you love me? Tell me true."
Answered he, as if inspired,
"It is *joy* to be with you."

"Do you love me?" she persisted;
"Do you love me, now, true blue?"
"On my honor," he insisted,
"It is *bliss* to be with you."

"*Do you love me?*" more emphatic
Came each tender, simple word;
"O, your presence is *ecstatic*,"
Was the fond reply she heard.

"Do you love me? *Do you love me?*
DO YOU LOVE ME?" her appeal.
Out it came: "The heaven above me
Knows no love more sweet or real."

Old Letters

Do n't keep my letters; please evict
The shell from which the meat is picked;
I wrote them not for you to keep;
Reduce to ashes that old heap.

Do n't keep my letters; other eyes,
Which never scanned your apt replies,
May o'er the yellow missives pour
And give *ex parte* judgment sore.

Do n't keep my letters; ask for new,
And thus augment affection true;
A fig for friendships that depend
On old epistles without end.

Do n't keep my letters; private tales
Are best withheld from public gales;
Just send them on the wings of flame
To nothingness, from whence they came.

Happiness

To THINK how wretched one might be
Affords no small tranquillity.

To know our state, if not the best,
Is yet quite good, affords some rest.

To witness happiness around,
Ourselves a part, is happy ground.

To meet with few things to annoy,
Is cause for one big bump of joy.

To have a little, hope for more,
Should keep a chap from being sore.

To get along, and keep a-going,
Is happy secret worth the knowing.

To be in favor with yourself
Is richer worth than lots of pelf.

To be by nature cheery, gay,
Insures bright sunshine any day.

All past misfortunes to forget,
Leaves room for gayest spirit yet.

To make another's features shine
Yields by reflection light for thine.

A true affection to inspire
Is sure to lift the spirit higher.

But happiness at very best
Is being in the spirit blest.

Two Hearts

How SWEET the bliss when hearts agree—
  Two hearts that beat as one—
Two hearts held close by Love's decree—
  In trust excelled by none.
Two minds on one high purpose stayed;
  Two wills in perfect blend;
Two natures by one impulse swayed;
  A union till life's end.

Advice

Advice is cheap—as cheap as air—
And often worth far less than air.
'T is sometimes bad, like fetid air.

Real advice is seldom wanted;
Approbation is what 's wanted;
This is welcome if not wanted.

Bad advice hurts the adviser;
Good may come from bad adviser;
Bad may come from good adviser.

Much depends on the advised;
How he takes it; whether wise;
The wise alone should be advised.

Wise ones seldom need advice;
They live and prove their own advice,
And wisely they withhold advice.

Gratitude

When soul is void of gratitude,
Then study well the body's mood.

Each member, master of the art,
Most gladly serves some other part;
Nor head nor hands nor feet refuse
A part, or parts, ofttimes to use.

All corporal acts, in part or whole,
Teach gratitude to every soul.

A Test of Friendship

A friend's a friend when he has proved
His friendship by his deeds;
Give me the friend whose heart is moved,
When my heart, wounded, bleeds.

Benevolence

Conquest fills the world with awe,
  Benevolence inspires love:
Both giver and receiver draw
  A breath of incense from above.

A money king, intent on more,
  Awakens wonder, envy, hate;
But princely giving men adore,
  And kindly on the giver wait.

A life with real benevolence fraught
  Is counted of angelic mold;
'T is governed by divinest thought,
  And bears the stamp of heaven's gold.

The hard, penurious spirit shrinks
  As one for mummy state embalmed;
It lives and moves and acts and thinks
  As if already doomed and damned.

Give not, grow not; waste away;
  Return the vain and useless breath;
A withering, worthless mass of clay;
  Unloved in life; unwept in death.

Frugality

Frugality, of thee I sing!
Sister of Temperance, plain and fair;
Daughter of Prudence, thrift to bring,
As mistress of the art of care.

Parent of Liberty! To thee
The nations owe a boundless debt.
Were no man frugal, none were free,
And all would face dependence yet.

Extravagance prostrates the rich;
Economy uplifts the poor;
While from despondency's deep ditch
Temperance makes deliverance sure.

Frugality inspires hope;
Temperance limits greed and waste;
Industry gives the needed scope,
While Prudence plans her work with taste.

These rear the temple strong and high,
Where Liberty hath glorious reign;
They augur man's redemption nigh,
From destitution's blight and bane.

Honor

THERE is a quality of worth
As high as any known to earth;
A fitting sense of what is true,
An attitude of reverence due;
A consciousness of perfect right,
An exercise of courage bright;
Esteem for justice, virtue rare;
A needless pain or grief to spare.

Honor at best will never do
That which it would not suffer too.
Esteem it takes, esteem it gives,
And by the noblest standard lives.

Honor holds its trust with friend
And keeps its promise to the end.
It aims at just things, mourns the wrong,
Develops heart, and guards the tongue.
It has the good of men in view,
And stands four-square life's journey through.
It swears by truth; it scorns a lie,
And for a conscience clear would die.

Jealousy

Hell's fool devil! let loose upon the earth
To rave and rage, and by incessant strife,
To show to men his hideous deformity.

A yellow fiend is he, with eyes of green
Set deep in sockets red, and backed
By brain astir with fuss and fire!
A monster gorged with feverish doubts,
Hunting for secrets useless when laid bare;
Self-harming, self-defeating, self-detesting,
Harboring foolish fears, and nourishing
Hatred implacable and strong as death.

Chronic poisoner of happiness is he;
Ruthless invader of confiding trust;
Reckless extinguisher of wonted peace;
Frenzied slayer of own and others' joys;
Breeder of soul-rust, corroding every thought;
Developer of torture, pouring agony unmix'd
Into the waking life, and haunting quiet sleep;
Evolver of gangrene, eating out the tender heart;
Nerve-paralyzer, blasting love's paradise,
Transforming pure affection into gall

As venomous as serpent's fang
And bitter as death-steepings.

Fatuitous plunger, blind and bold, is he;
Walking on ruin's brink, shrinking back
From very consciousness of self; fearing to know,
And dreading to be known; credulous
To point of gullibility in all that fear
And weak distrust can conjure up;
Stuffed with lunacies allied to the insane.

A subtle liar born; a furious demon bred;
Acknowledging superiority in worthless curs;
Annihilating self-interest, and hopelessly
Cutting off esteem of others; turning mirth
Into sheer torment, innocence into anguish;
Marring all emotion sweet, murdering love,
Annulling bliss, and making life itself
A loathsome, blackened void.

Hell's fool devil! Sorriest of imps!
Common as freaks of demoniacal fury;
Dead to reason; impervious to argument;
Drunk with false imaginations, and bloated full
With maddened manglings and regretless suicides.

Nature Our Teacher

THERE 's sunshine in Nature;
It flashes and gleams
On mountains and prairies,
On forests and streams.
And sunshine of spirit
Is needed to-day,
In flood-tides of gladness
O'er life's darkened way.

There 's music in Nature;
Its sweet notes are heard,
In rippling of water
And carol of bird.
And music of spirit
Humanity craves,
In pain and affliction
And march among graves.

There 's healing in Nature;
Its balms ever flow,
From stores in the open
And fountains below.

And healing of spirit
Is just as divine,
Through kindness and brightness,
And goodness benign.

There 's beauty in Nature,
In flower and leaf,
In budding and fruiting,
And ripening sheaf.
And beauty of spirit
We can but applaud,
As highest and noblest,—
The beauty of God.

Danger in Ridicule

Were ridicule alone employed
To crush out vice and folly,
'T were well that man should be decoyed
To hear the snicker jolly;
But when the laugh is meanly turned
A virtuous aim to shatter,
'T were better that the gibe be spurned
And ridiculers scatter.

The Highest State

THE highest state
To mankind given,
Approved of God,
And loved of heaven,
Is that where right
And truth abound,
And none in want
Or woe are found.

Where nature gives
The needed skill,
And grace supports
The acting will,
All Christian souls
Their spheres adorn,
When others' cares
By each are borne.

The love of Christ
Hath made us free;
We wear His yoke
And bow the knee;

We toil, we rest,
  We mourn, we joy;
To serve the King,
  Our blest employ.

We live to love,
  And love to live;
We give our all,
  And love to give;
We give to men
  A just amount,
And give to God
  Our last account.

And soon the end
  To each will come;
Our bodies fall
  In common doom;
But, crowned on high,
  Each shall appear
As he hath done
  His duty here.

Give Me The Truth

I 'd rather have one grain of truth
Than forty pounds of lies;
I 'd rather teach a wayward youth
To reverence than despise.

I hate a sham, a trick, deceit,
Or any other fraud;
I want the truth in language meet,
And in its purport broad.

Not broad enough to cross the line
Of verity in fact;
But broad enough to be the sign
Of thought's progressive act.

Truth that will live when I am dead,
And like the sun shall blaze,
Though error, like a cloud o'erhead,
May intercept its rays.

Truth that is true and safe and sane,
From sophistry set free;
That ne'er shall tarnish, fade, nor wane,
Through God's eternity.

"Dat's Enuff"

"'Whisky, dat's all,' and dat's enuff,"
Said old Aunt Chloe, in manner gruff;
"Whisky brings in all de trubbel,
Makes de cost of life jest dubbel,
Turns each joy into a bubbel,—
Dat's all, and dat's enuff.

"'Whisky, dat's all,' and dat's enuff;
Nothin' makes dis worl' more ruff;
Whisky's what Joe took in his 'n;
Whisky set de row to siz'n';
Whisky sent 'em all to pris'n,—
Dat's all, and dat's enuff.

"'Whisky, dat's all,' and dat's enuff;
Whoebber heard such no 'count stuff?
Whisky takes 'em off der level;
Whisky makes 'em rave and revel;
Whisky takes 'em to de debel,—
Dat's all, and dat's enuff."

No License, No!

They say it is n't "license;" just "permit"—
A kindly wink from Uncle Sam—
A token from the State.
Yet in that "wink" there 's hell,
And in that "token" death—
Gigantic death, one hundred thousand strong.

No license; no! but just a tax—
A tribute to the State—hush money—
The price of open doors
To murderers, thieves, foul souls,
That revel in the mire
Of filthy tale and putrid song.

We 'll never give them license; no!
We 'll simply reap a share
Of hard cash wrung from beggared wives
And starving children shivering in the cold.
Blood money! The stain is on the coin—
The finger-marks of foulest crime!

There is no "license," no; but just the same
The dealers get their cards and hold

Their dens of drink and vice
Wide open to our boys!
The deadly work goes on,
And voters tacitly consent.

How long, O Lord, how long shall "Tax"
Deceive the rulers of this land?
The people rule; 't is they
Who grant these vile "permits"
That keep these holes of sin and death,
Like yawning hells, wide open evermore!

A Straight Path

Errors bankrupt bankers,
  Character as well;
Falsehood always cankers
  Hearts of those who tell;
Crime invites detection,
  Folly fools itself;
Hence for your protection
  Shun dishonest pelf.

Two-Line Sermons

An aimless life is full of harm;
High purpose gives to life a charm.

If Virtue guide, you can not stray,
Nor safety find in Vice's way.

Who lives in guilt abides in fear;
The bravest keeps his conscience clear.

Who does no good dies like the beast;
Who lives to bless doth ever feast.

Live as you ought! Results will shed
A halo 'round your dying bed.

God loves the humble to befriend,
And sides with those who would amend.

Who would be better, nears the best;
Improvement is a valid test.

Whose cause is ill should sell it cheap;
Sow worthless seed, poor harvest reap.

He liveth not who dares not die;
Deserveth not who will not try.

Success attends developed traits;
Reward the use of gifts awaits.

Rich man is he who wants no more,
But poor who will not use his store.

Riches in trust are safer far
Than men who trust in riches are.

To prosper bring four things in chime:
Right temper, knowledge, force, and time.

Who debt incurs and never pays,
Deep hatred in his mortar brays.

Lie down with dogs, rise up with fleas;
Bad sequel with low act agrees.

Who nothing knows is always sure;
The fool's conceit no drug can cure.

To see himself a mountain high,
One only needs a small "big I."

Who his own trumpet always blows
Dulls friendly ears where'er he goes.

Who flies on wings of arrogance
May get a hurtful drop by chance.

He rarely sinks who swims in gall,
Or, sinking, is he mourned by all.

He never fails who works with grace,
Completes his tasks, and fills his place.

Part V

Devotional Pieces

You worship something, if not God,
Your sanity allowing,
For every knee above the sod
Is sure to do some bowing.

The Universal Religion

THERE 's one approved religious plan,
A world-wide honored creed;
'T is love of God and love of man,
Expressed in loving deed.

No form of piety yet known
Can e'er such influence sway,
As love sincere to others shown
In practice every day.

The very air and sunshine rays
With nature love are warm;
The flowers and trees in quiet ways
Their loving acts perform.

Were love unknown, how cold were life!
How prone were man to rave!
How fraught with pain and hateful strife
His journey to the grave!

'T is love supplies our sorest needs—
True love to God and man—
More vital than the formal creeds
Of Church or lodge or clan.

Love is of God, and God is love,
Of His commands the sum;
Show love, and from the realms above
Heaven down to earth shall come.

What is Life?

To WAKE beneath the sun,
To sleep beneath the sod,
A journey short to run,
And then return to God.

To laugh, and then to cry;
To joy, and then to sorrow;
To scorn the blessing nigh,
And endless trouble borrow.

To feel a thirst for more
Than earth can ever give,
And then, when life is o'er,
The endless life to live.

Destroy Not My Faith

("The meanest man in the world is the man who destroys the faith of any human being in anything."—JUDGE K. M. LANDIS, of Chicago. Certainly a correct faith should not be destroyed.)

DESTROY not my faith. There is naught to supply
The purpose it serves in my care-fraught career;
It gives me a motive inspiring and high,
And in my distresses it furnishes cheer.

Destroy not my faith, for it quickens my life—
A life in the Spirit alone understood;
It soothes me in sorrow and nerves me in strife,
And in my soul-hunger it points me to food.

Destroy not my faith, for it pivots me fast
When torrents destructive would sweep me away;
In substance eternal my anchor is cast;
It holds, though death's forces around me may play.

Destroy not my faith. I am passing from earth;
The world and its pleasures will presently fade.
Leave regnant this solace of infinite worth,
That life to the dying by faith is conveyed.

Destroy not my faith, for it opens to view
The country I 'm seeking; 't is heavenly ground,
Whose elements pure my life forces renew,
Whose pleasures with rapture immortal abound.

Destroy not my faith. There is nothing to gain,
By cutting the line which connects me with God;
You rob me of pleasure; you fill me with pain,
And darken the night of my sleep 'neath the sod.

Soul Rest

O HAPLESS mortal, tossed by doubt!
O stricken spirit, torn by sin;
No longer bar the Master out,
But find through Him sweet rest within.

O wanderer stumbling in the dark!
O seeker grieving in despair!
Find refuge in the gracious ark,
Find peace and comfort resting there.

O pinioned slave of Mammon's greed!
O ruthless sport of Pleasure's gale!
From Passion's galling yoke be freed;
In God find strength for spirit frail.

O cheerless victim of Remorse!
O beggared dupe of Folly's toll!
God's gift of rest to thee endorse,
And gain a boundless wealth of soul.

A Faithful Monitor

Conscience distasteful truths may tell,
But mark her sacred lessons well;
Whoever lives with her at strife
Expels his better self for life.

Work Before Wages

Alone in my vision I wandered afar,
Unarrested in flight. Not a glittering star
Disconcerted my gaze from the wonderful sight
Which arose to my view in the regions of light.

Joyous, saintly, adoring before heaven's throne,
All made pure through the blood of the Crucified One;
Complete in their rapture, and perfect in might,
Knelt the angelic throngs and the spirits of light.
Some were casting their crowns at the feet of their Lord;
Others shouted His praise or in silence adored.

Entertained beyond measure, I longed to be free,—
"Let me join the bright hosts!" cried my soul in its glee.
Deep-toned was the voice which replied to my cry,
Rousing all my convictions, and making me fly
Even meteor-like back to earth as I heard:
"Do your life's labor first, and then look for reward."

The Sweetest Song

THE sweetest song earth ever heard
From throat of angel, man, or bird,
Was set to music from the skies,
Inspiring hope that never dies;
A song of God befriending man,
With heaven revealed; hell under ban.

That song was heard on Bethlehem's plain;
Good-will its note, with peace refrain;
A glorious, high, angelic thrill,
Man's heart with godlike bliss to fill;
'T was heard of old; 't is heard to-day,
And shall be heard for aye and aye.

That sweetest song is yours and mine,
If keyed to harmony divine;
With soul attuned by saving grace,
Toward Zion bent with steadfast face;
Linked up with Christ; with saints aligned;
In life, in death, to God resigned

The Heavenly Song

Rev. 5: 1–14.

THE wondrous book in God's right hand
No one is found to take
Until the Lamb receives the roll,
Its seven seals to break;
When lo! before His feet there fall
The beasts and elders down,
And loud they sing, and strike their harps,
The worthy Lamb to crown.

The song they sing is new and old;
Salvation is its theme;
The blood of Christ its central note,
The nations to redeem.
"Unto our God we have been made
Both kings and priests," they cry.
"With Him in glory we shall come
To reign eternally."

And many angels round the throne
Join in the glad acclaim,
Ascribing riches, honor, power,
And blessing to His name.

And every creature in the skies,
  And in the earth below,
And in the seas, or underneath,
  Their joyful praise bestow.

This heavenly song is ours now;
  For us the Lamb prevailed;
His blood unnumbered hearts has cleansed,
  And never once has failed.
With all the hosts the prophet saw
  Adoring at His feet
We 'll worship Him in life, and then
  In heaven each other greet.

Weighty Words

To GIVE your words a weight unique,
Think twice, good friend, ere once you speak;
By thinking twice your speech will hold
A meaning multiplied twofold.

The Century Dawn

HAIL to the century dawn,
The brightest of the line,
Whose light, from heaven drawn,
Eternally shall shine!

The light of clearer truth,
The flame of simpler creed,
Inspiring world-wide youth
To nobler, Christlike deed.

How good to live and learn!
How blest to learn and live,
All selfishness to spurn,
And generous service give!

We join with heart and hand
To speed the right along,
In God's own armor stand,
To help subdue the wrong.

Our breastplate is the Word,
Unsullied faith our shield,
And with the Spirit's sword
We hope to win the field.

Alone With Thee

Alone with Thee, my God, my King,
In worship and in work alone;
A servant's sacrifice I bring,
And humbly bow before Thy throne.

Alone with Thee, my Spirit guide,
Thy gracious comfort now impart;
With me in storm and calm abide,
Direct my steps and cheer my heart.

Alone with Thee, my Savior friend,
My spirit knows no dread nor fear;
Alone with Thee until life's end,
I then shall joy to feel Thee near.

Let Death his sting and terror boast,
And to the grave my flesh consign;
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
A lonely hour shall ne'er be mine.

Our Years

Our years like waves have swiftly rolled
  Across life's troubled deep;
We spent them as a tale is told,
  Or as a dreamless sleep.

In joy they swept with greater speed,
  In grief they tarried not;
Our cravings keen they would not heed,
  Nor care for any lot.

Our dearest friends they bore away
  Within their strong embrace;
For sharpest pain they would not stay,
  Nor turn a pitying face.

And soon across the narrow sea
  They 'll bear our spirits too;
From time's concerns we shall be free,
  And work will cease to do.

Teach us, O Lord, in presence nigh,
  To number all our days!
Unto the truth our souls apply,
  And walk in wisdom's ways.

Thanksgiving Hymn

O God, we bow before Thy throne;
In prayer and praise look up to Thee.
Thy goodness in our lives we own,
And laud the grace which makes us free.

We thank Thee for the peace we feel,
And for the hope which stays the soul.
Wilt Thou Thy gracious power reveal,
And all our wayward thoughts control?

May every wish be born of love—
The love which casts out every fear;
Place Thou our hearts on things above,
And wean from vain attractions here.

May faith inspire our every view!
May kindness our affections move!
May all our words be just and true!
And pure may all our motives prove!

Thus, while we worship Thee below,
In Christian bonds our hearts unite;
And may we all in wisdom grow,
Till called to heaven's clearer light!

The Risen Lord

All hail, blest Prince of Peace! Thou risen Sufferer,
hail!
To perfect man's release Thy merits must prevail;
E'en now o'er all the earth the faith-saved millions rise
To celebrate Thy birth and laud Thy sacrifice.

Thou spotless, bleeding Lamb, from world's foundation
slain!
Jehovah, great I Am, e'en loss with Thee is gain;
Thy bow abides in strength, Thy promise shall endure
Until Thy blood at length has wrought its gracious cure.

Thou blessed Holy One! Thou God with man enshrined!
The Father's only Son, the Savior of mankind!
Thou hast eternal life to our blest vision brought,
And in this vale of strife Thy peace-clad truth hast
taught.

How gentle is Thy sway, Thou mighty King of kings!
How bright is Thy glad day which to us blessing brings!
We lay our hands in Thine, our hearts we give to Thee,
For Thee our light shall shine, and Thine the glory be.

The Scarlet and White

An Epworth Rallying Song for the Toronto Convention, July, 1897.

TUNE—"Red, White and Blue."

HARK! A call rings from ocean to ocean,
Our Epworth League forces obey;
To our cause we are pledging devotion,
And for it will labor and pray.
"Look up and lift up," our endeavor;
Our aim, to be pure and do right;
Our vow is to serve God forever;
Our badge is in scarlet and white.

Our badge is in scarlet and white,
Our badge is in scarlet and white,
Our vow to serve God is forever,
Our badge is in scarlet and white.

List! The tocsin still louder is ringing;
Its echoes, like eagles, take wing;
And millions of leaguers are bringing
Their tributes of love to our King.

O Prince of the Calvary Mountain!
To praise Thee our voices unite;
Thy blood is our sin-cleansing fountain,
As symboled by scarlet and white.

As symboled, etc.

The Union now greets the Dominion;
We meet in fraternal accord;
We are one in essential opinion,
And perfectly one in the Lord.
The angel of peace hovers o'er us,
The star of redemption gives light;
With triumph and glory before us,
We follow the scarlet and white.

We follow, etc.

An Insatiate Thief

Procrastination—greedy thief—
Would rather filch than borrow;
Unwisely lend him your to-day,
He 'll steal your whole to-morrow.

The Highest Honor

To HAVE of earth the greatest wealth,
  Surpassing all the wealth of yore;
To wear the bloom of highest health,
  And live a hundred years or more;

To stand on eminence of fame,
  With statesman's eloquence and skill,
And there by virtue of my name
  The listening multitudes to thrill;

To sit upon a monarch's throne,
  A royal scepter long to sway;
To give behests in kingly tone,
  And see an abject world obey,—

These things were great; but greater far
  The saving of a single soul;
In balance cast, at judgment's bar,
  The latter would outweigh the whole.

No earthly honor can compare
  With that which in this life is won
By turning souls from deep despair
  To hope through God's eternal Son.

As clearest brightness of the sky,
  As brilliancy of flashing star,
The wise shall shine with God on high
  In light the sun surpassing far.

Then gird yourselves with strength anew,
  Ye heralds of the conquering cross.
Fight bravely on your warfare through,
  Nor dare to shrink at temporal loss.

Let others gain the wealth of earth,
  Let others win the world's renown;
Your gain is all of heaven's worth,
  Your glory an immortal crown.

The Best Goodness

No GOODNESS is best,
  When better than worst,
  Except when the worst
Deserves to be blest.

Thine Forever

Should God my life on earth extend
To fifty solid, earnest years;
In truth I 'll walk, to work attend,
And cast on Him my cares and fears.

And should those years to sixty reach,
With health and strength in mercy given,
The faith I 'll keep, the way I 'll teach,
From fading earth to fadeless heaven.

And if to full threescore and ten
He lengthens out my glad career,
Among the cheery aged men
I 'll seek my place and serve with cheer.

Long be my life, remote my death,
If God my trusting soul sustain;
But sooner let me yield my breath
Than lose my trust and live in vain.

"I Can Not Depart Alone"

A MOTHER in anguish of soul
  Bends over her daughter in death.
As nearer the dark waters roll,
  She whispers with shortening breath:
"What is this strange anguish I feel,
  Which remedies do not allay?"
Response to the dreadful appeal:
  "O, daughter, your life ebbs away!"

No thought of Death's presence so near!
  No fitness to meet the last foe!
No grace the frail spirit to cheer!
  No staff through the valley of woe!
"O mother! Not dying!" she cries,
  Betwixt a low shriek and a moan;
Then adds, in her painful surprise,
  "I can not depart all alone!"

"You, mother, must go with me now;
  Sustain me, so weak have I grown;
Wipe off the cold sweat from my brow;
  I can not depart all alone!"

Again and again was it said,
Till fainter and feebler the moan;
Her arms were unclasped, and the dead
Had passed to her God all alone.

What Money Can Not Buy

The value of money I freely concede;
To earn it for service is wisdom indeed;
It buys to the limit, yet one thing is clear,
It can not buy heaven or happiness here.

The man who has money can live as he will;
His larder and wardrobe with luxuries fill;
His palace may shine in accord with his sphere,
Yet never yield heaven or happiness here.

The tourist may girdle the earth with his sweep,
The finest of everything everywhere reap;
Yet neither in trophy, or homecoming dear,
Find semblance of heaven or happiness here.

With heaven and happiness ever unknown,
What else worth the while into life can be thrown?
Among my heart learnings, O let there appear
The secret of heaven and happiness here.

The White Tie

A TIE is but a little thing,
A trifle in attire;
A mite of cloth, a bit of string,
A knot to make the bonnet cling,
A bow to suit desire.

And yet a tie may be the sign
Of consecration pure;
The token of a call divine,
The signal of a work benign
Among the sick and poor.

I love to meet the tie in white
In temple, home, or street;

It speaks a heart and motive right,
Of love and ardor at their height,
And sacrifice complete.

"For Christ alone my tie is worn,"
The wearer seems to say;
"For Him the cross is gladly borne;
For Him I comfort those who mourn,
And with the dying pray.

"The wanderer I freely seek,
The haunt of danger dare;
To save the sinning, help the weak;
To cheer the faint, direct the meek,
And for the orphan care.

"No other honor do I crave;
No other aim have I;
For this myself I humbly gave;
For Jesus to be true and brave
And in His service die."

The Penitent's Prayer

O God, be merciful to me,
  And hear my heart's deep cry!
From sin and guilt now set me free,
  And dry my tearful eye!

No grant of honor do I plead;
  No golden gift implore;
Nor e'en relief from pressing need,
  Nor chastening trouble sore.

I ask alone for pardoned sin,
  And clearance from its stain;
Thy holy courts to enter in,
  Forever to remain.

O God, this mercy to me show,
  This gracious favor give;
And while I tread this vale below,
  To Thy dear praise I'll live.

The Dying Pilgrim's Plea

WEEP not for me; 't were better far
  That age should lay life's burden down;
I followed long my guiding star,
  And now I seek the starry crown.

Youth had its bloom, and manhood's day
  Was rich with ripening fruit and flower;
The charm has passed; why should I stay
  Beyond the normal parting hour?

My friends who crossed the mystic tide,
  Ere I had reached the shaded vale,
Are beckoning from the farther side;
  Their rising songs my soul regale.

And this I know; the friends I leave
  Must soon embark and follow on;
Why, then, for me should loved ones grieve,
  Or mourning wear when I am gone?

The Laymen's Movement

My spirit feels the power of the rising Christian throng;
My soul receives the echo of their ardent shout and song;
I see them mailed and ready for a conflict sore and long,
The heathen world to gain.

Full conscious of obstructions which in their path remain,
They firmly plant the standard far on the open plain,
And bright they keep their armor till the man of sin is slain,
And truth and right abound.

The trumpet sounds to battle, and 't is no uncertain sound;
Straight forward move the columns upon the mission ground;
May every loyal soldier square in his place be found,
And each his weapon yield.

The struggle rages fiercely, for the foe is slow to yield,
But to the King Immortal their cause they have appealed,
They bravely charge the ramparts, and—Hurrah! they win the field
And triumph over wrong.

Part VI

Personal Characterizations

Development has noblest sweep
In moral, not in mental;
True worth from training we must reap,
For brains are accidental.

A Cheery Ministry

(To Rev. H. A. M., on his seventieth birthday.)

THREE-SCORE and ten! How sweet to live
The span of man's allotted years!
How doubly sweet to live and give,
In every year a thousand cheers!

The cheery nature, such as thine,
Though placed among the sick and sad,
Can but dispense the gospel wine
And make the humblest mortal glad.

Successful living is the sum
Of being true and living well;
And in the life of bliss to come
These virtues bright must ever tell.

Congratulations, brother! Shake!
Your helpful ministry I recall;
May heaven keep you sweet and make
Your future years the best of all!

Our Ruth

Just as blithe as a bird and as free as the air,
Having never a grief, or a burden or care;
With a face wreathed in smiles and a heart kind and
true,—
Let me sing to the praise of our Ruth of Bay View.

From her home at the straits she doth hasten away,
Leaving chums of the city and pastimes so gay;
For a love of the bay, with its tinges of blue,
Is supreme in the heart of our Ruth of Bay View.

In the dawn of her life she the habit began,
And she comes every year with the migrating clan;
We should miss her as keenly as sunshine or dew
Should she fail to appear, constant Ruth of Bay View.

So, alas for the day, with its morning of gold,
When the future its secrets of life shall unfold,
And our Ruth meets a man, as dear girls often do,
Who will charm her away as a bride from Bay View!

Tim Tom

Tim Tom was born with one idea,
  And that was wrong;
Although he held but one idea,
  He held it strong.
No argument his one idea
  Could e'er dislodge;
If pressed to change his one idea,
  He 'd always dodge.
Because he clung to one idea,
  His head was small;
If urged to yield his one idea,
  He turned to gall.
His head was filled with one idea—
  No room for more.
If bumped against a new idea,
  His head grew sore.
He lived for long with one idea;
  With one he died;
And men rejoiced that that idea
  The grave should hide.

And so Tim Tom with one idea
Has passed from earth;
May other Tims of one idea
Ne'er have their birth!

Elna, a Detroit Idyl

O Detroit, famed in story!
Beauteous "City of the Straits!"
Rising in thy modern glory,
Storied song thy rise awaits.

Sing I now a story simple;
Sing it happily and clear;
Song of heart and baby dimple,
Song of home and loved one dear.

On thy broad, majestic river,
Near thy queenly gem, Belle Isle—
Loving gift of gracious Giver—
Saw I first the dimpled smile.

Dimpled smile and heart expanding,
  Keenness beaming from the eye;
Place for growing life demanding,
  Useful service drawing nigh.

Flow on, river, broad majestic;
  Shine on, island gem so bright;
But let me my song domestic
  Chant with fond and pure delight.

Island gem and glorious city;
  River, broad, with commerce crowned;
Not for you my humble ditty,
  Not for you the note I sound.

Dimpled smile outshines the glory;
  Ardent love the fame outweighs,
And the sweetness of my story
  In my heart forever stays.

Alonsa, an American Carol

Take my pen and now employ it,
Muses of the new Detroit;
Sing a carol, plaudit-laden,
Of a coy and comely maiden,
From her infancy demure;
Tell of music and of teaching,
Of admiring childhood reaching;
Of warm friendship always making,
Tasty fine art undertaking,
With a will and skill mature.

Call the past to rapt attention;
Her ancestors freely mention,
Through the many generations,
Since the Pilgrims paid oblations,
On the wild New England shore;
Tell of pioneer advances,
With red warriors taking chances;
Of the children pert and trustful,
Youth courageous, strong and lustral;
Tell the story o'er and o'er.

Call to mind the distant travel;
California's golden gravel;
Catalina's famous island;
San Francisco's wave-dashed highland;
How the glorious visions rise!
Arid plains and snow-capped mountains;
Dashing streams and crystal fountains;
Spacious parks and fruitful valleys;
Palm-decked streets and blooming alleys;
Balmy air and sunny skies.

Sing the maiden shy and shrinking;
Quick perception, careful thinking,
Lively speech, and ready action;
Finding bliss in benefaction;
Sing her praises just and mete;
Pilgrim blood in her descending;
Revolution valor blending;
In the love of home abiding,
And in God and friends confiding;
Hail the maiden coy and sweet.

Ethel D

Ethel flashed upon my vision like the sun's surprising ray,
When he bursts in golden splendor after shower in summer day;
And I found myself illumined by the radiance of her face,
By the warmth of her expression, and the witchery of her grace.

In the heart of sunny Southland Ethel D. was born and trained,
And a wealth of gentle spirit in her nature was ingrained;
A sweet seriousness accented her uniquely spoken words,
And her earnestness was natural as the trilling song of birds.

Love was held in firm abeyance in her strenuous career,
But a full-orbed active kindness drew her charmed associates near;
She was loyal in her friendship, in appreciation keen,
Quick to cheer and hearten others, and in self-control serene.

Ripened culture sealed the beauty of her modest, shrinking air;
An uplifting sense of duty gave her strength to do and dare;
On the threshold of her mission she the unknown future scanned,
And with fond and true ambition every task demurely planned.

In our brief association, as I searched her searching eyes,
Her appeal to my best manhood I could keenly realize;
Placid faith was the foundation of her feeling and her thought,
And inspiring each volition stood the secret spring, "I ought!"

Much I wondered while with Ethel what the world might have to give
To a soul equipped and ready the sincerest life to live;
And I wondered, still I wonder, where this brilliant star shall shine,
When my own is dimly twinkling far beyond the sunset line.

Those Johnson Girls

As o'er the tide of life we go,
Amid the social ebb and flow,
One charming group I chance to know,—
Those Johnson girls.

They 're fair of form, appearance neat;
They 're keen in speech, in spirit sweet;
In pleasing ways they can't be beat,—
Those Johnson girls.

When threatened with a fit of blues,
Or fretfully my spirit stews,
One remedy I can't refuse,—
Those Johnson girls.

If sick, or hurt, or only sad;
If tired, grieved, or even mad,
Their presence always makes me glad,—
Those Johnson girls.

And when with joy my spirit glows,
In bliss as pure as life e'er knows,
At sight of them my cup o'erflows,—
Those Johnson girls.

Esther Earl

O, A BRIGHT and comely maid was Esther Earl,
With her rosy cheeks, her diamond eyes, and teeth of pearl.
Many suitors sought her hand;
Her admirers thought her grand,
For her heart she did command,
Like a brave and pure and sweet and queenly girl.

But a suitor came at last for Esther Earl,
And a flag of ruthless conquest did unfurl.
She could not his suit withstand;
Gave to him her heart and hand;
Sweetest bride in all the land;
Warm as sunshine, bright as gold, and pure as pearl.

Brief and strange the wedded life of Esther Earl.
She her spouse in righteous wrath did from her hurl,
And the court gave her divorce,
For a cause suppressed, of course—
For the world's best good, perforce,—
Though the cruel lips of scorn did meanly curl.

Now she sleeps beneath the sod, doth Esther Earl,
And a marble polished bright, and white as pearl,
Marks the spot where long she sleeps
And her fatal secret keeps,
While Death other harvests reaps,
'Mong the mourners lone and sad for Esther Earl.

Henry White

A MAN of kingly mold was Henry White;
Strong-framed, close-knit, clear-visioned, bright.
His heart was stayed on God, on truth, and worth;
His work a ministry as wide as earth.

And where he moved, light beamed, love stirred, guilt cowered;
His soul was by the Soul of souls empowered;
He spake, and listeners to the word were thrilled;
He taught, and wisdom on his lips distilled.

A scientist was he; a master mind,
With gifts the roots of fact and thought to find.
Deep down within the earth he saw the light,
And e'en star-depths were open to his sight.

He lived, a leader long in knightly clan;
He grew as leader and as manly man.
Age was his friend; youth stayed within his heart;
He brought to perfect use the living art.

And millions loved this royal Henry White,
Who stood for progress, verity, and right;
Nor king, nor prince, nor emperor ever shone
With truer luster from a monarch's throne.

Maggie O

She was neither gay nor pretty,
Though perhaps a trifle witty;
She was honest and sincere,
Full of heartiness and cheer.

Friends she made at every meeting,
Friends for happy future greeting;
Gifted with artistic taste,
Something fine in each she traced.

Soul she put in every painting,
Truth of nature never tainting;
Painting all things as they are
With a conscientious care.

Hers it was to lay the pigments
In the canvas so the figments
Would the work of art conceal
And the end of art reveal.

Roughest things she made attractive;
Crudest things she made didactive,
And her charming studies told
Just the truth she would unfold.

And her canvas glows with brightness,
Touched by her with skillful lightness,
Though her brush is laid aside
And 't is long since Maggie died.

Dolla Konantz

At rare and lengthened intervals
In earthly being there appears,
In instances as wide as hemispheres apart,
A blending sweet of spirit so subdued
And matter so refined as to form
In mold of perfect womanhood
A creature of angelic loveliness.

One such I knew.
A queenly wife was she; a gentle mother;
A chaste and true and noble friend;
A princess in the home; an ornament
In vast assembly or in classic hall.

In manner unpretentious, she was clothed
With graces fit for royalty;
Reserved e'en to the point of diffidence,
Yet shrinking not from Duty's post
Or stern responsibility.

And life and love and plenitude
Were given her as one who brought
A touch of heaven down to earth;

A glimpse of the immortal state
In transient mundane sphere.

Mabel B

With happy heart I sing the praise
Of lovely Mabel B.,
Who made her life in every phase
A service glad and free.

Upon her comely face there played
An earnest look, or smile,
As might befit the tasks she laid
Or cause she served the while.

No wealth was hers, nor dainty ease,
Nor freedom from all pain;
Yet she contrived to live to please,
And best of life to gain.

Her coming was a source of joy;
Her going was a grief;
To charm the hours was her employ,
And bring to care, relief.

She lived in love so pure and true
That loving was her life;
She loved to live, and living, do
The things with true love rife.

No spirit, with hot anger stirred,
By her was ever stung;
No bitter plaint nor hateful word
Was ever on her tongue.

She simply kept her gifts and powers
In firm and sweet control,
And used them through the passing hours
In blessing every soul.

Frances E

An exquisite personality!
In infancy, childhood, youth, and active life
Environed by that which fills, controls, and fires
A gracious nature and a heaven-lit soul!

In character and purpose
She stood a long and clear remove from common clod;

A destiny as special as that of ancient seer
Awaited her development.

Under the fostering rays
Of Christian love and wise paternal care,
In home and temple and in classic hall,
She fast evolved the elements that swayed
Her ever-fruitful life.

Her intellect was imperial!
Her disposition sweet. Her will
Was pliant only as the tempered steel.
Tenderness was in her look and word and heart,
While might was in her poise. Her judgment
Was full and clear and quick, unerring-like,
Matched only by her rare humility.
She was an honor to her sex; a type
Of queenly womankind.

Her surname—Willard: "one who wills"—
Bespoke just what she did; she willed
To lead the way of woman everywhere
To larger, nobler sphere.

Pathfinder she,
In realm of temperance and "white life for two!"
"For God and home and native land!" she said.
As one inspired, impelled, compelled,
With trembling lip and agitated soul,
With logic keen, emotion deep; with lip
By living coal from off God's altar touched,
And with persuasiveness as gentle as the dew,
She fired her message straight into melting hearts.

It was a heavenly place
Where she was seen and heard; for God
Was always there, while angels hovered round.
She talked as one emboldened by the truth;
She pleaded long for soberness and purity in all;
She longed for womankind to stand on par with men
In building up the home and State and wholesome life.

Her patriotism
Was of the lofty, strict, and stalwart type,
Which sees the best and goes out after it.
No word of faith in God or love toward man
Was alien to her sympathy.

She traveled far,
And every land contributed a share
In broadening her view and sharpening her love
For humankind, and for the triune God,
And for her own America, the land most dear.

Her chiefest sadness
Was that freedom's flag, red, white, and blue,
Should wave in beauty and expression vast
O'er Liquor's legalized and ugly schemes.
With prophet eye she saw the coming day,
When men, aroused and doubly nerved, would wipe
This foul and bloody stain, too long excused,
From Freedom's stately shield.

Her life in years
Was brief, but long in work projected
And in service wrought. Her death,
Like that of Enoch pure, of old, who walked with God,
Was simply a translation.

"How beautiful it is to be with God!"
No sooner said than done; with God she was,
But scarcely more after her saintly spirit's flight
Than through her eight and fifty years before.

Cordelia A

From fame and greatness
Let me for a moment turn, in humble words,
To simple domesticity and fond maternal love.
I met her first in school, and ere
The term had closed I met her as a friend;
And then, erelong, we two as lovers met.
The oftener we met the more we loved,
And soon we were betrothed, and next
In lifelong union joined.

She was a blithe and zealous bride,
As trustful as a child. Our home
Took on the impress of her mind.
What she could do she did with heartiness,
And did it faithfully and well.
Conspicuous in her character was liberality;
To be and do for others was her joy.
Generous, practical, confiding, and serene,
She made my life, as far as wife could do,
A quiet-flowing stream of bliss.

And when, in course of time, with courage true,
She walked Gethsemane's pain-fraught vale,

And with eternal dews upon her pallid brow
Came forth unscathed, and bearing in her arms
Our first-born son, my very soul,
In gratitude and reverence, mix'd with awe,
Crouched lovingly before her, as at the shrine
Of motherhood almost divine.

Five times that peril-hung path she trod,
To gather buds by angel-fingers dropped,
To bloom in garlands on my brow; offspring
As dear as e'er engaged a father's care
Or crowned a mother's love.

And once, yea, twice, when God on high
Called from His stainless throne, and asked
Returning gift of those sweet flowers,
I saw that wife and mother, bathed in tears
And trembling like the aspen, look up and say,
"Yea, Lord!" and then bow down in keenest pain,
To love and serve as ne'er before the trusts
To her and me continued.

And now, with life a waning force, her love.
Chastened, refined, improved, and proven oft,

Sheds gentle halo on my path, and streams
Of hallowed influence on my heart distils.
My wife! My children's mother! My better half,
In time and in eternity the same!

My Little World

A LITTLE world existeth within my throbbing breast,
Where tiny orbs of splendor keep glowing night and day;
Where waves of deep emotion oft rock themselves to rest,
Or, rising with the breezes, roll and surge alway.

That world is my Affection; the sun of love is there;
And stars reflect its brightness when western skies are gained;
Compassion deep and constant, a keen and tender care,
A universe of action within my heart contained.

From infancy and onward unto the present hour
That little world has held me enchanted on its shore;
In filial love's first dawning it thrilled me with its power,
And gave the love fraternal to thrill me evermore.

The love of youth and maiden, the love of loving wife,
The love of home and country, the love of plighted word,
The love of God and neighbor, the love of waning life,
The love of joys paternal all have my being stirred.

And now this world advances; its earthly course is run;
Its tide of sweet endearment is drifting to the sea;
But here or there or other, the little world begun,
Must always and forever be all the world to me.

James Riston

Who is this tiny little elf
The nurse is bringing to myself,
With blinking eyes and pinky toes,
Almost concealed in swadling clothes?
It is my boy, as you 'll agree,
The very same that comforts me.

Who is it shares my daily rides,
And on the foremost seat abides;
Who takes the reins and swings the whip,
And gives old Bird the trotting clip?

It is my boy, as you 'll agree,
The very same that comforts me.

Who is it asks such questions keen
About all things a boy has seen;
Who wants to know the reason why
For stuff on earth and stars in sky?
It is my boy, as you 'll agree,
The very same that comforts me.

Who is it now to manhood grown,
With things he calls his very own;
A home, a wife, employment too,
With lots of social cares in view?
It is my boy, as you 'll agree,
The very same that comforts me.

Who is it with a mind mature,
A manly step, both firm and sure,
On whom with trusting heart I lean,
In whose good-will I dwell serene?
It is my boy, as you 'll agree,
The very same that comforts me.

"Kittie"

We named her Florence, but I called her "Kittie."
The reason why I can not tell.
'T was but a whim, a freak of fancy,
An impulse strong to fondly pet
A first-born daughter.

She was a gentle child, with no
Precocity of note, nor bent of will unbreakable.
She was never self-asserting, nor forward, bold,
Nor unpleasantly dependent. Her tender mind
A practical turn assumed. She would do
The things we thought she ne'er had planned
Nor thought of.
A mimic school was her delight;
Herself the teacher, and the infant chairs
Her pupils well-behaved.

And oft by day and evening, rod in hand,
With tireless step and school-ma'm air,
With voice of cheer, correction, or command,
Among those empty seats in order placed
In pride of heart she moved.

And still I called her "Kittie."
'T was the corollary of style adult
In child-life sweet and true, with a wish
To keep her all my own.

The years flew by. Her school-girl days
Were passed. Her childhood garb
Gave place to woman's paraphernalia;
But never for one hour did there cease
In her maturing life the infant drift
To be a teacher grave. And e'en to-day
She holds and wields the teacher's scepter,
While living pupils gather at her knee.

And so, to duly match and modify
The character of pedagogue, through habit fixed,
I call my Florence "Kittie."

To Alice

(On receiving her photograph on a postal card.)

Only a bit of light and shade,
A dainty touch of sunray,
And lo! an impression fair
Of sweet and cheery life!

And what is here for me?
A precious memory of infant charms!
A hallowed treasury of cherished thought!
The hopes and fears and wishes fond
Of young paternal years.

In this imprint
I see reflection of a mother love,
Blending with traces of a father's image.
I see devotion deep and true;
A thoughtfulness of others merged
In due respect for self.

Urge on thy way, my daughter!
The morning dawn gives promise bright
Of glad fruition in the noon-tide hour
Of all our fondest dreams.

ALICE

We know not what the future hath in store!
Enough to know each passing day
That present life is fullness quite
Of all we dared expect in days of yore.

A Father's Pity

You may talk of the strength of friendly ties;
  Of love so perfect that naught can mar;
Of fond devotion that never dies,—
  But a father's pity is stronger far.

He sees his child in the morn of life,
  A tender plant that needs his care;
A spirit frail exposed to strife;
  A life with others to do and dare.

He sees that life on the shores of time,
  Where tides roll in and breakers roar;
Where deeds of men are dark with crime,
  And dissipation reigns galore.

He sees sweet innocence sore amazed
At wrongs that breed distrust in God;
He sees the trembling spirit dazed
By passion's war and the chastening rod.

And up in his heart there wells a tide
Of pity deep as the ocean's flow;
His daughter or son he has descried
Where threatening breakers come and go.

"O God!" he cries, "my child sustain
In this supreme and crucial hour;
In strength unmoved may he remain
Unscarred, unscathed by tempter's power."

And time rolls on—probation's years—
The child attains mature estate;
Yet still the father's heart appears
Surcharged with pity just as great.

Through life he bears the fateful load,
And with it goes beneath the sod;
He enters heaven's secure abode,
And lays it down at the feet of God.

Oscar Ferdinand

(Born June 28, 1878; died March 9, 1879.)

THEY say the healing hand of Time
  Cures every ill of mortal breath;
Assuages griefs which in their prime
  Seemed like the staggering blow of death.

But there 's a wound in my poor heart
  That passing years can never heal;
The flow of nature, skill of art,
  No healing touch or balm reveal.

So oft my memory calls him back—
  My darling Ferdie, sweet and pure—
Nor does the vision ever lack
  A seeming realness, vivid, sure.

I feel his arms my neck around;
  His little form to mine I press;
And e'en mine ear, so dull to sound,
  Can hear that voice of gentleness.

I look into his lustrous eyes;
  They beam on me with love and light—
No new experience can disguise
  That vision falling on my sight.

I know 't is he; the same sweet smile
  That ever played upon his face
Responds to mine, and shall beguile
  My life-long, checkered, earthly race.

O Ferdie! angel of my life!
  Sweet spirit of my sorrowing years!
Continue round me till the strife
  Is ended in this vale of tears.

Then, tender angel, bear me home,
  By the immortal life made strong,
And with my spirit ever roam,
  While God and heaven our bliss prolong.

Arthur Ninde

(Born May 11, 1889; died March 9, 1895.)

"I LOVE you, papa; now remember!"
My little boy would say,
Whene'er I left him at the door,
For work from day to day.

"I love you, papa; now remember!"
With index finger raised,
He would the tender words repeat,
As after me he gazed.

"I love you, papa; now remember!"
The frail and lovely child,
Deep into my affection grown,
My leisure hours beguiled.

"I love you, papa; now remember!"
And can I e'er forget?
In Woodmere my dear Arthur sleeps,
And I am weeping yet.

After One Year

(March 9, 1896.)

Why sinks my heart within my breast?
Why is my soul with grief oppressed?
And why my startling thoughts distressed,
As if in woe?
The sun is shining o'er the hills;
The world its common mission fills,
And dawning spring new life distils
Where'er I go.

Ah! chide me not. I do my best
To bear my burden unconfessed
And lock the secret in my breast
That pains me so.
Alas! in vain my nature wills
To hide the memory that chills,
And sink the carking care that kills,
Like bitter foe.

This day and date my loss suggest—
I think of him I oft caressed
And to my heart his dear form pressed
One year ago.

He 's now with God; sweet songs he trills;
He plays along the heavenly rills,
And earth's rude storms and pains and ills
He ne'er shall know.

Peace, then, my heart! Heed God's behest!
Grieve not for those supremely blest,
But follow them to endless rest,
And tears forego.
His word to faith he now fulfills;
His blessed truth he now instills;
And my poor trusting heart he thrills
With heaven's inflow.

After Two Years

(March 9, 1897.)

How LONG the space of two whole years,
To spirits cramped in molded clay!
We struggle on 'mid grief and tears,
And wait our coronation day.

How short the space of two brief years,
To spirit freed from earthly clod!

He knows no sorrow, feels no fears,
  But rests serenely with his God.

Two years with God. The angel choirs
  To him are chanting songs of bliss,
And Jesus still his heart inspires
  With truths from other worlds than this.

Rest on, sweet soul! Divine advance
  Is written on thy sunlit brow;
Nor sin, nor doubt, nor woe, nor chance,
  Can ever mar thy glory now.

After Fifteen Years

My life seems like a meteor flight
  Across the evening sky;
The twinkling stars and planets bright
  All flash before my eye;
The lengthening past is dimly set
  In memory's sacred scene;
But one brief space is brilliant yet,
  In quietness serene;

It is the life,
With sunshine rife,
Of happy Little Arthur.

I see his face of winsome grace;
His slender, shapely form;
I feel him near, with sprightly cheer,
And greetings keen and warm;
No whit of change is in his smile;
He answers to his name;
He runs and leaps in childhood style;
His spirit is the same;
I know 't is he,
In merry glee,
My precious Little Arthur.

You call it fancy; be it so;
We will not disagree;
But fact or fancy, this I know,
'T is very real to me;
He lives through all these passing years
In vivid, fadeless hue;
He comes to me, he talks, he cheers,
As breathing children do;

Nor could he be
More dear to me
As living Little Arthur.

Easy and Not Easy

Your neighbor hears Death's dread alarms,
And when the monster grim
Strikes down his babe in tender arms,
With ease you say to him:
"O neighbor, bow you to the stroke,
Submissive to God's will;
Life's silken cord is only broke,
His mandate to fulfill."

But when the child that droops and dies,
And for the tomb is sealed,
Is yours by Nature's fondest ties—
Not easy then to yield;
That piteous moan of loving wife,
O'er baby's marble face,
With trembling strikes your very life
And tests supporting grace.

So when your neighbor in the tomb
  Has laid his child away;
Returning to the cheerless home,
  You easily do say:
"Well, neighbor, death is yet a friend;
  From pain your child is free;
No ill its footsteps can attend
  To all eternity."

But when the saddened home is yours,
  And silent are its halls;
No cooing voice your life allures
  Within its lonely walls;
When in the crib o'er which you bend
  Is naught but formless clothes;
Not easy then to see a friend
  In death, the last of foes.

And when the months of time have rolled,
  Like waves o'er dreary sea;
How easy told the unconsoled:
  "Now, neighbor, list to me:
Death is a fact that will not change,
  Though tears forever flow;

Your grief should have a liberal range,
But not make life a woe."

And yet, when green the grass has grown,
Which hides your child from thee,
And long the bitter tears have flown
O'er death's unchanged decree,
There still will come a mourning hour,
The heart will bleed anew,
And naught have compensating power,
But grace and glory too.

"Dropping Out of Sight"

Speaking of the recent death of an old acquaintance, a friend in a private letter said:

"Do please live on, to be 120 at least, for this dropping out of sight of dear friends is something dreadful, and all my philosophy and my little religion can not reconcile me to it."

"LIVE ON?" Well, yes, if live I may;
Not long at best my earthly stay;
And yet, to live, O sorry plight!
Is but to see friends drop from sight.

For friends are passing, one by one,
As each his course in life may run;
Though I remain, some one must go;
The stream of life doth ever flow.

"Philosophy?" O vain retreat!
Cold Death cares naught for Reason's heat.
Nor can "Religion" reconcile
My heart to Death's relentless style.

But stay! This passing out of sight
May mean, perchance, when viewed aright,
But furling of a worn-out sail,
With anchor dropped within the veil.

Should this be true, why live in dread,
And mourn unsoothed the blessed dead?
Why live a century or more,
Afar from friends gone on before?

I argue not. I urge no faith.
I quote no heralded "God saith."
I simply sail the sunlit sea
And steer my bark toward what may be.

The Lost Hearing

The world is still. The marts of trade,
The public halls, the crowded streets,
Are voiceless all. Hushed the cry
Of lusty newsboy and of vender old.
Silent the crier of court and train.
The strong-lunged auctioneer is dumb.
No song or speech or loud command
Or senseless oath or ribald jest
Is heard. Commerce and sport,
Business and worship, travel and pomp,
Their course pursue in soundless world.

The earth is still. Old ocean's roar
And thunder's crash and cyclone's wrath
And earthquake's rending shocks
And river's flow and forest's moans
And low of herds and bleat of flocks
And howl of beasts and note of birds,—
All Nature's voices, loud and rich,
Startling and keen, gentle and sweet,
Are powerless and vain;
All, all is still.